GERMANTOWNE CRIER

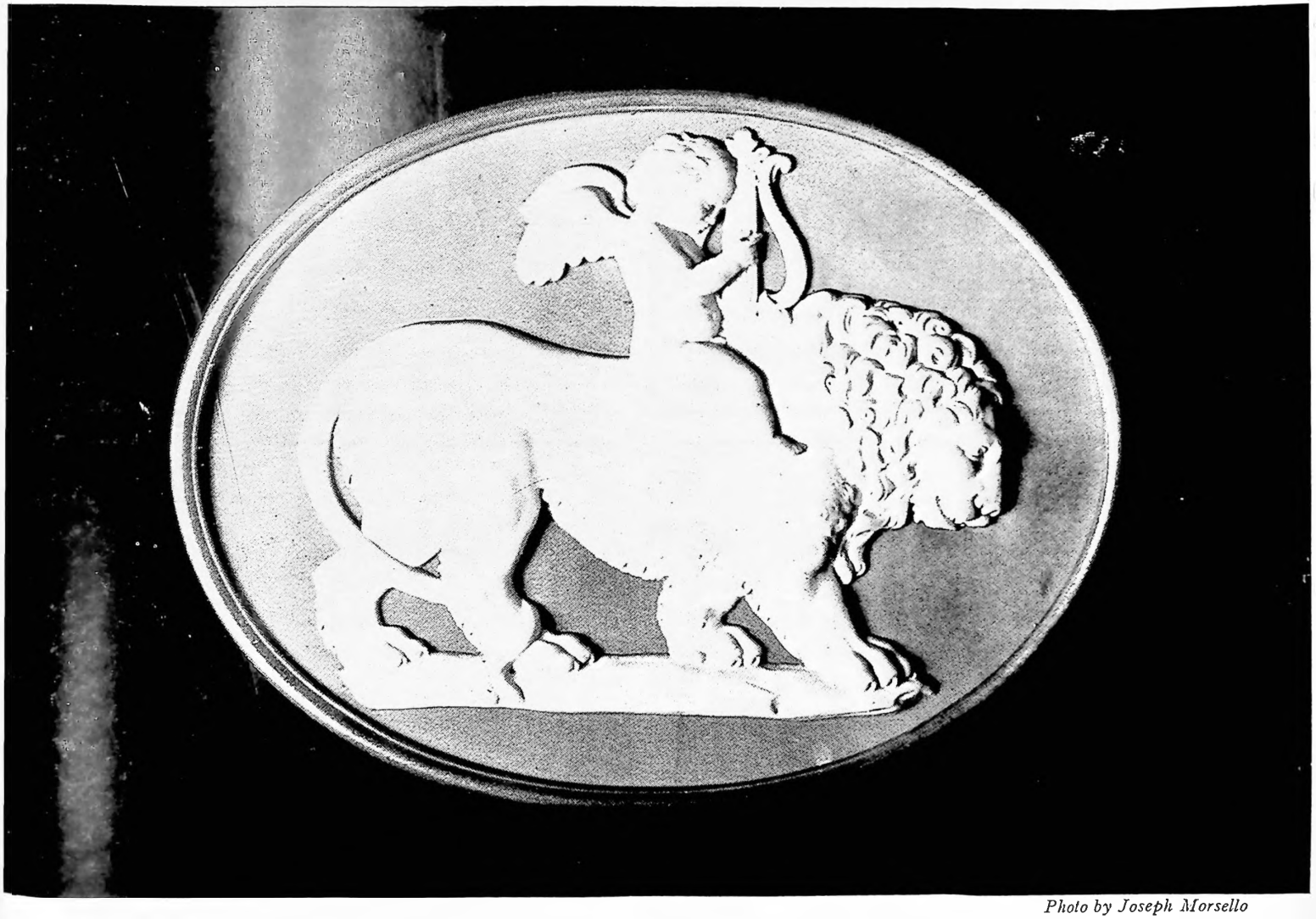


Photo by Joseph Morsello

THE POWER OF LOVE—FROM THE COLLECTION OF HARRY M. BUTEN (see page 24)

GERMANTOWN HISTORICAL SOCIETY
Published Quarterly

Volume 6 . . . Number 4 December 1954

25c Per Copy



Liberty Real Estate

BANK AND TRUST COMPANY

CENTRAL CITY OFFICES:
Corner, Broad and Arch
Corner, 15th and Sansom

OLNEY OFFICE
5533–35 N. Fifth

SOUTH PHILADELPHIA OFFICE
Corner, Broad and Federal
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

MEMBER: FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION

distinctive fashions

- Children
- Pre-teens
- Juniors
- Misses
- Women
- Boys
- Men

Allen's

GERMANTOWN • Chelten & Greene ○ GE 8-7000

In the Confidence . . .
of the public since 1837

Complete banking service conveniently near

Whatever your banking needs, our experienced staff is ready to serve you with courtesy and efficiency.

Here are some of the services you'll enjoy as a Pennsylvania Company customer:

- **Checking Accounts**
- **Safe Deposit Boxes**
- **Personal Loans**
- **Trust Services**
- **Term Loans for Small Businesses**
- **Bank Money Orders**
- **Traveler's Checks**
- **Commercial Loans**

We'd like you to call on us often.

The Pennsylvania Company

for Banking and Trusts Founded 1812

24 OFFICES, PHILADELPHIA AND SUBURBS

16 WEST CHELTEN AVENUE

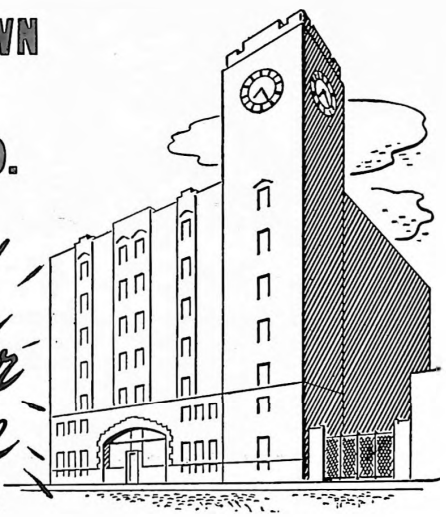
Member Federal Reserve System • Federal Deposit Insurance Corporation

Writing insurance — and history — since 1843

GERMANTOWN FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

Market Square Germantown
Philadelphia 44, Pa.

GERMANTOWN FIREPROOF STORAGE CO.



Clean as your home

A warehouse to please the most particular housekeeper—CLEAN INSIDE AND OUT. A completely heated, fireproof building carrying Philadelphia's lowest Insurance rate. 800 private storage vaults with lock and key. Furniture covered, rugs and upholstered furniture camphored. Safe deposit vault for silver, valuables, etc.

Excellent commercial storage facilities available.

Victor 4-3400 *INSPECT US THEN COMPARE!*

MOVING: NATIONWIDE, LOCAL; RUG CLEANING

237-253 CHURCH LANE, PHILADELPHIA 44, PA.

Complete printing facilities

UNDER ONE ROOF AT

WESTBROOK

Everything you need from plate-making and type-setting to binding and delivery is ready and waiting at WESTBROOK. You enjoy the advantages of *single responsibility, dependable quality, reasonable prices,* and *service you can count on.*

TRADE MAGAZINES
TECHNICAL JOURNALS
AGRICULTURAL MAGAZINES
HOUSE ORGANS
PROFESSIONAL PUBLICATIONS
INDUSTRIAL PUBLICATIONS
MEDICAL JOURNALS

WESTBROOK PUBLISHING COMPANY
Incorporated
5800 N. Marvine St., Philadelphia 41, Pa.
Llvingston 9-2214-15

WHERE CUSTOMERS SEND THEIR FRIENDS

DAVIS BUICK

In Germantown
316 WEST CHELTEN AVENUE

In North Philadelphia
4726 NORTH BROAD STREET

Collision Department
4813 WAYNE AVENUE

SERVING PHILADELPHIA FOR OVER 36 YEARS

ROBERT LEE

Authorized Pontiac Dealer

ASK ABOUT OUR

30 MONTHS OR 30,000 MILE LONG LIFE SERVICE GUARANTEE

●

ROBERT LEE PONTIAC, INC.

Formerly A. A. Martin, Inc.

Wayne and Chelten Avenues

Germantown TE 9-7500

Robert Lee Processed Used Cars are covered by our 12,000 miles or 12 months Long Life Service Guarantee

The Safetest Used Car Market in Philadelphia

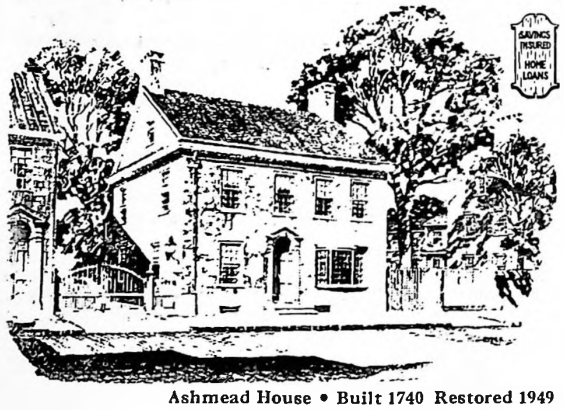
Fashions for Suburban Living

C. A. Rowell

GERMANTOWN

germantown and chelten avenues

telephone VI 8-0500



Ashmead House • Built 1740 Restored 1949

Save with safety at our friendly colonial home where all accounts are insured up to $10,000 and dividend rates are extremely attractive. Open Monday through Friday, 9 am to 4 pm, except Legal Holidays.

We Invest in Our Community

Northern Liberties Federal Savings and Loan Association

Over 80 Years Continuous Dividends

5434 Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia 44, Pa.
TEnnessee 9-6015
Harry W. Allen, Executive Vice President

Our Best Wishes for a Happy Christmas and a Prosperous New Year

COMMONWEALTH
TITLE COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA
Germantown Office: 18 West Chelten Avenue
Telephone: Victor 8-1600
NORMAN A. BRENNER
Assistant Title Officer and Manager

Germantown Historical Society

President
HON. HAROLD D. SAYLOR

Honorary Presidents
JAMES W. WISTER, M.D. LEIGHTON P. STRADLEY

Vice Presidents
EDMUND A. CRENSHAW, JR. GEORGE CLARENCE JOHNSON DR. GEORGE E. NITZSCHE

Secretary
EDMUND A. CRENSHAW, JR.
519 Pelham Road, Phila. 19

Board of Managers
EARLE N. BARBER
JOHN McARTHUR HARRIS, JR.
MRS. ROBERT F. IRWIN, JR.
JOHN W. JACKSON
MRS. ALMON N. KIDDER
GEORGE A. LANDELL
HENRI G. MARCEAU
FRANK W. MELVIN
MRS. J. BRADFORD RITTER
ARTHUR O. ROSENLUND
BENJAMIN H. SHOEMAKER, 3RD
DR. GORDON W. VENABLE
MRS. HENRY F. WIREMAN

Assistant Secretary
PRUDENCE C. NEWLIN

Treasurer
HENRY S. RITTER

Historian
FRANCES M. CAMPBELL

Librarian
EDWARD W. HOCKER

Solicitor
FRANK R. DONAHUE, JR.

Curator
MRS. H. WALTER GRUBER

AIMS OF THE SOCIETY

The Germantown Historical Society is dedicated to the fostering of the cultural traditions of Germantown, the preservation of its historic landmarks, and the maintenance of the Society's Museum of historic relics.

A membership in the Society helps to further these aims. It also entitles members to attend the interesting series of monthly lectures and to receive the "Germantown Crier" which is published quarterly.

Membership dues are:

Junior Membership	$3.00
Annual	$6.00
Sustaining	10.00
Life (payable quarterly)	100.00

Subscription to the CRIER for non-members is $1.00.

The Historical Society is a source of pride and interest to many Germantowners, even outside its membership, but while enthusiasm and interest are most valuable assets, the actual necessities of operation need something sterner and more tangible.

The Society runs on an amazingly small budget and the Morris House, with whose care and upkeep the Society is proud to be entrusted, is never-theless, an arduous burden.

In making a will remember how gracious a gesture a bequest to so fine a local project would be. Thus the community would be assured of the dignified safety of its priceless historical heritage.

GERMANTOWN HISTORICAL SOCIETY MUSEUM
5214 GERMANTOWN AVENUE
OPEN EVERY TUESDAY, THURSDAY, AND SATURDAY—1 TO 5 P.M.
LIBRARY OPEN EVERY TUESDAY—1 TO 5 P.M.
ADMISSION FREE

MORRIS HOUSE
5442 GERMANTOWN AVENUE
OPEN DAILY, EXCEPT MONDAYS, 2 TO 5 P.M.
ADMISSION ADULTS 25 CENTS, CHILDREN 10 CENTS

AN ACTION BY THE ANNUAL MEETING OF THE SOCIETY

On motion duly made, seconded and carried, the Officers of the Society are now authorized to notify all Members of proposed changes in the By-Laws thru the medium of the GERMANTOWNE CRIER, rather than by mail, provided such notification is made at least ten days prior to the holding of a meeting at which such changes are to be voted on.

GIFT MAPS

Through the generosity of the Philadelphia Electric Co., we have received for free distribution a quantity of maps of the Greater Philadelphia area, made by our townsman, Jacob Riegel, Jr. Copies (in tubes) may be obtained at the Museum or the Morris House.

New Meeting Place. Starting with the Annual Meeting, we will meet in the lower auditorium of the Woman's Club, 21 West Washington Lane. Here the seating capacity will be adequate to our needs, and parking facilities nearby will be more available.

The lectures will be held on the following dates at 8 P. M.

Thursday, January 20, 1955
Thursday, February 17, 1955
Thursday, March 17, 1955
Thursday, April 21, 1955

Your Committee is happy to announce the next two lectures and wishes to express thanks to the lecturers who have so kindly agreed to be with us.

Thursday, February 17th, 1955.

CHARLES WILLSON PEALE by *Charles Coleman Sellers*

Mr. Sellers is a direct descendant of Charles Willson Peale and the chief authority on Peale's works. His recent "Portraits and Miniatures by Charles Willson Peale," published by the American Philosophical Society, is the first published listing of works by Peale.

Mr. Sellers will discuss Peale briefly and will show a selection of slides of his paintings.

Speakers and subjects for the remaining lectures will be announced in the March issue.

Thursday, January 20th:

The Future of Historic Germantown by Grant Miles Simon, architect of the Society's project to rehabilitate Market Square in Germantown. He will underline the Society's aims in this important plan.

Many subscribers complained of missing Vol. 3, No. 4. there were but three numbers in that volume.

NEW MEMBERS

List of new members admitted since publication of Vol. 6. No. 3, September 1954

A—MRS. H. M. ALDRICH

B—DR. LLOYD BURTT

D—MISS EDNA DAVIS
MR. WILLIAM J. DAWSON
MRS. GEORGE L. DOLAN

F—MR. & MRS. C. DUNNING FRENCH

G—MRS. MELVIN H. GREBE
MISS MILDRED R. GILLIE

H—MRS. CHARLES C. HEYL
MRS. DOROTHY F. HILL

J—MRS. W. BEATTY JENNINGS
COL. & MRS. HENRY P. JOHNSON

K—MRS. EDWARD L. KELLEY

M—MRS. JAMES F. MCCRUDDEN
DR. PEARL B. MITCHELL

R MRS. W. EDWARD REDENOUS
MISS E. IRENE REYMANN
MRS. WALTER RITTER

S—MRS. WILLIAM C. SHEEHAM

W—MRS. HARRISON G. WEHNER

GErmantown 8–6328

KIRK & NICE

UNDERTAKERS

SINCE 1776

6301 GERMANTOWN AVENUE, PHILADELPHIA

GE 8-6416 *Specialists in Framing*

STATON'S GALLERIES

FINE PRINTS and PAINTINGS

Frames Regilded • Paintings Restored

5321 Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia 44, Pa.

Dependable Electricians

Since 1919

SCHUCK

ELECTRIC

5944 Germantown Avenue

EUGENE MAURER, Inc.

Distinctive Lines of . . .

TOYS	LINOLEUM	FIBRE RUGS
PAINTS	HARDWARE	WINDOW SHADES
LUGGAGE	HOUSEWARES	VENETIAN BLINDS

FLOOR and WALL TILING

▼▼

5423 & 5427 Germantown Avenue

Philadelphia 44, Pa. Phone: GErmantown 8-6275

58 YEARS OF QUALITY

Rug Cleaning

ORIENTAL and DOMESTIC

BINDING—FRINGING—REPAIRING—DEMOTHING

SHAMPOOING—STORAGE

DIAMOND

Germantown Below Logan

Michigan 4-9600

Geo. W. Lentz, Sr. & Son

• ELECTRIC WIRING

54th Year in Germantown

F. K. COURTNEY ELECTRIC CO.

GE 8-7728 5104 Germantown Avenue

Open Wednesday and Friday Evenings

"Smart Women's Wear"

SINCE 1921

duval

Style Center of Germantown

5533 Germantown Ave.

GERMANTOWN ROOFING AND INSULATION COMPANY, INC.

- Roofing
- Home Insulation
- Heating
- Storm Windows

7070 LINCOLN DRIVE, PHILADELPHIA 19, PA.

WI 7-4331 and WI 7-4332

GERMANTOWNE CRIER



Vol. 6 DECEMBER, 1954 No. 4

CONTENTS

	PAGE
Christmas Legends	6
Hazardous Business: An Episode of the Pipe Bridge Over the Wissahickon — *By George W. Schultz*	7
Edgar Allan Poe's Visit to Reading, March 1844 — *By J. Bennett Nolan, Esq.*	10
Wedgwood Fascination — *By Harry M. Buten*	13
The Balano Windows at the Germantown Unitarian Church — *By John W. Hathaway*	15
Franklin . . . A Busy Man	16
Mrs. Head's School—An Appreciation — *By Sophie Weygandt Harris*	17
Attacked by a Deer on Main Street — *By W. W. Chew*	19
Memories of Colonial Living — *By Joseph Comly, 1852*	20
Turnpike Project Meets Opposition	23
New Acquisitions	24
Obituary	25
Important Notice	25
Comprehensive Index	26

PUBLICATIONS COMMITTEE

Ernest Howard Yardley, *Chairman* — Mrs. M. Bacon Bostwick, *Secretary* — Abel J. Evans, *Controller*

EDITORIAL

Katharine R. Wireman, *Chairman*
Frances M. Campbell
Elizabeth M. Mellor
Frances A. Wister
John W. Jackson
George E. Nitzsche
James W. Wister, M.D.

ADVERTISING

Earle N. Barber, Jr., *Chairman*
Barbara Hunsberger

SALES

Mrs. George Dolan

CIRCULATION

Chairman
Mrs. Jeffrey Moore
Mrs. Arthur Weil
Mrs. Frank O. Zesinger
Margaret Bodycomb
Mrs. E. Boggs Prettymen
Lloyd P. Wells

SOCIETY'S PUBLICATIONS

Complete sets of the Germantowne Crier consisting of all numbers issued to date, are being offered (on order) at $3 per set.

The remaining copies of the "Guide Book to Historic Germantown" will be sold at One dollar each; copies of "Washington Visits Germantown" at One dollar each, in board covers, and Fifty cents in paper covers, both of these books being the work of our founder and former president, Charles Francis Jenkins.

Volume One, numbers 1 to 10, of the old "Site and Relic Society's" publications, are for sale at the Museum, and also Volume Two, numbers 1 to 8. Some of the second volumes are in the name of the Germantown Historical Society, the older name being discontinued during that period. The prices of the separate numbers vary from 25c to $1. They can be purchased separately or the whole 18 copies can be bought for $7.50. The publications start from the very beginning of the Society, and many of the articles were written by old historians now dead, and constitute first hand information. An index comes free of charge for the first ten numbers, no index has been made of Volume Two.

Copies of current issues of the Crier may be purchased at the Museum, the Morris House, and at various stores in Philadelphia, Germantown, Mt. Airy and Chestnut Hill.

Edward S. Kinley, *Advertising Representative*
7447 Devon Street, Philadelphia 19, Pa.
Telephone: CH 3-1484

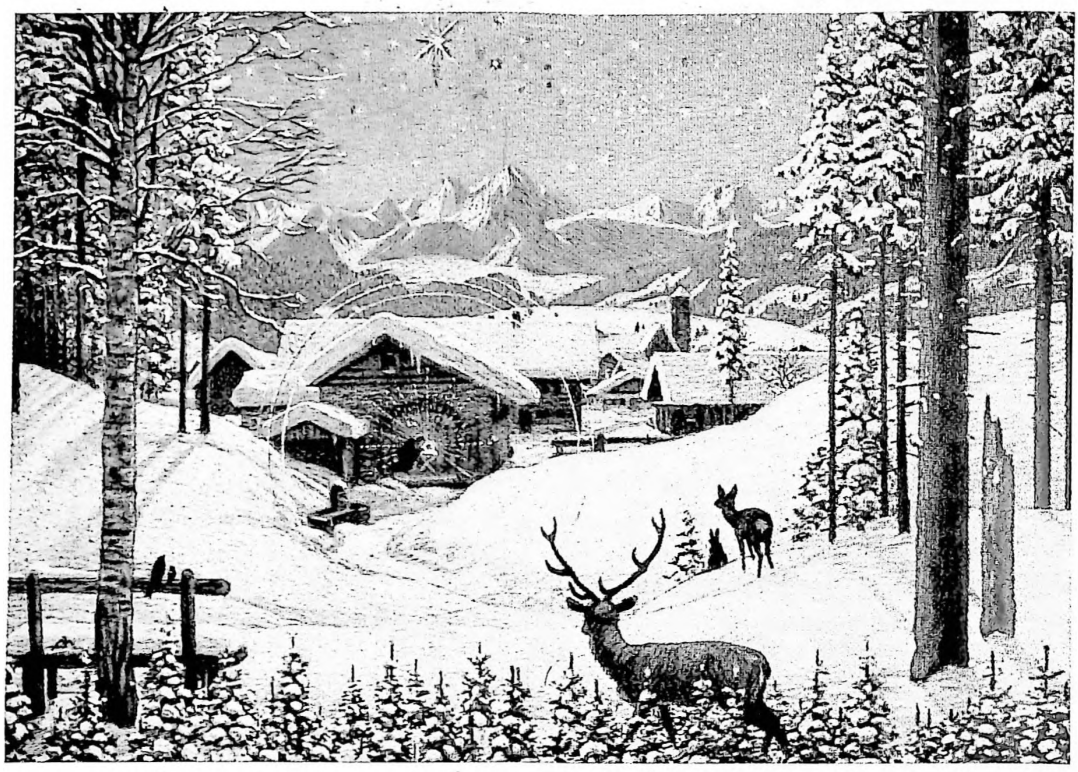
Published March, May, September, December—Germantown Historical Society

5214 Germantown Avenue
Philadelphia 44, Pa.

VI 4-0514

Christmas Legends

From American-German Review



"Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht"

Not the least of the miracles achieved each year by Christmas trees is their transformation of dismal city streets and forlorn empty lots into little thickets of fresh green. Unlike Christmas carols, which seem to have had many of their beginnings in the snowbound country stillness, where the music of the stars may be heard, Christmas trees had their recorded beginnings in towns. Dr. William I. Schreiber tells of evidence of a lighted tree in Strasbourg as early as 1604, though in Germany the trimming of trees did not become a widespread custom until a hundred years later. It did not appear in France or England until 1840–41. Queen Victoria's consort, Prince Albert of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, introduced the custom of decorating trees into his adopted country. Dr. Schreiber has conducted a scholarly search into the early history of the delightful tradition and has uncovered interesting facts.

As most people who are familiar with Christmas customs in other lands had already surmised, he has shown that all the early trees in America were raised to warm German hearts and to share a beautiful German tradition with new neighbors in a new world.

From *The American-German Review*, December 1947

"In the Candle Glow," by Alice H. Finch

Wooster, Ohio claims the earliest (Christmas) tree in America was set up in 1847 by August Imgard, an immigrant from Hesse. An early tree was set up in Philadelphia in 1834 by Dr. Constantin Hering and his friend Frederich Knorr.

In primitive times, the northern countries celebrated the winter solstice as the most important point of the calendar year. At this festival the early Germans heralded the beginning of renewed life and power in the natural world and honored the gods who symbolized to them these elements.

The old Teutons held their great yule feast at this time in commemoration of the return of the flaming sun-wheel, and believed that during the twelve nights from December 25th to January 6th they could trace the earthly activities of their most powerful gods, such as Oden and Bereata.

The Christian church took over many pagan beliefs and customs connected with this feast, and modified or adapted them to suit the Nativity celebration.

Among these was a legend that on Christmas Eve trees in the forest budded and bloomed. Such branches had healing powers and thus were brought into the Christian homes at the former Yuletide. Finally the evergreen tree, long symbol of the renewal of life in nature, became the center of the Christmas festivities. By the early seventeenth century, decorated trees were used. A century later candles shone from their boughs on Christmas Eve. Thus the Tannenbaum became the popular symbol of the most important day in the Christian year.

From *The American-German Review*, December 1948, Carl Shurz, Memorial Foundation.

GERMANTOWNE CRIER

Volume 6 DECEMBER, 1954 Number 4

HAZARDOUS BUSINESS

An Episode of the Pipe Bridge over the Wissahickon, Fairmount Park, Philadelphia

By George W. Schultz

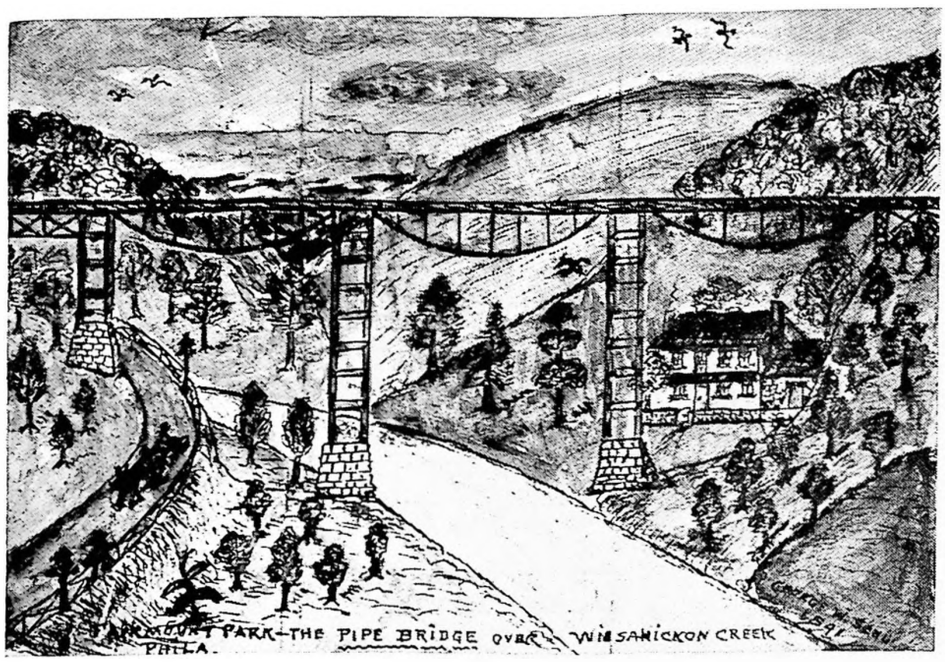
THERE IS IN Pennsylvania, through the foresight and wisdom of those Nature lovers who fortunately had the matter in charge, one "oasis" protected for perpetuity against encroachment and devastation by automobile. I refer to the valley of the Wissahickon. None but horseback riders, drivers of horse drawn vehicles, and pedestrians may by law wend their way along the Drive, which begins at Ridge Road near where the Creek flows into the Schuylkill, and extends through sylvan terrain upcountry some seventeen miles. The valley is quite a gorge in some places where the hills on either side are precipitous, and near Allen's Lane some 60 years ago, engineers of the water department conceived and erected an aqueduct for supplying water from Shawmont pumping station to Mt. Airy and Roxborough, which are on opposite sides of the Wissahickon. Prof. Cornelius Weygandt of the University of Pennsylvania—than whom no one has greater knowledge of the flora and fauna, history and folklore of the region—in his recently published work *The Wissahickon Hills*, devotes two pages to the Pipe Bridge and mentions it in other parts of his delightful volume. No Pennsylvanian should be without a copy of his book. Since I have never seen any print or illustration of this Bridge, and owing to the difficulty then of finding any point of camera vantage to take in the whole thing by reason of dense foliage, I have made a rough sketch from memory of this structure as it appeared in 1891.

The region was honored years ago with a Currier & Ives print, of scenery along the Wissahickon, and Mr. Weygandt's book reproduces that with others, but the Pipe Bridge, after an existence of 20 years "disappeared" in the year mentioned.

I will recite the *veni*, *vidi*, *vici* part I played in that occurrence as a retriever of old iron at the age of 25 years. Having by then considerable experience in dismantling abandoned blast furnaces, I was in business on my own account, when one day a fellow iron broker, Chester Bertolette, came to my office and asked whether I would go in with him on a big job involving lots of scrap iron. He refused to amplify, but said he would hire a buggy the following afternoon and drive me to look at something.

Description of the Aqueduct

Accordingly we drove out the Ridge road and turning into Wissahickon drive, we passed Valley Green and Indian Rock and finally Chester stopped, and when we got out he said, "Here we are and there it is"—pointing skyward. I was astounded by the view of this Bridge 103 feet above the surface of the Creek, extending 700 feet across the valley between the high hills. There were 3 stone bases from which rose square iron piers supporting two lines of 48 inch diameter cast iron water pipes, on the cantilever truss principle. These pipes had become cracked by reason of the water in them freezing in winter, and most of them had been re-inforced with wrought iron bands bolted around them, but the whole condition of the structure was now precarious in the extreme. I ejaculated, "Oh my! there must be nearly a thousand tons of iron in it. Can it be bought?" Bertolette said, "Yes, would you tackle it?" I assured him I would be glad of the chance. We drove back to the City and he said the Bridge had cost originally some $80,000 when put up in 1870, that the thing was condemned now as unsafe, and Councils had advertised for two years for somebody to undertake its removal, but no contractor "would touch it with a ten foot pole." Further, that there was a four page printed



Pipe Bridge in 1891, painted by George Schultz. The Livezey Mansion is now a canoe club

specification with drastic conditions such as all necessary scaffolding to be erected, six months time limit, no trees, shrubbery, or other park property to be damaged, nor should the traffic along the Drive be interrupted, etc.

"So you see," said Chester, "we haven't got between us any $10,000 for preliminary preparations and scaffolding, and the proposition is dangerous in the extreme." He brought a set of specifications the next day and reading them, I didn't see any mention of a bond to be filed, nor what disposition was to be made of the bridge material, or definite penalty for not removing in the fixed time, so I said to Bertolette, "All right, we will just go out there and blow the thing down with dynamite." He was aghast, and said, "Do you mean that? Good night! Count me out! you may do as you please"—grabbed his hat and left me.

Bridge Falls With Grand Crash

After thinking matters over I wrote to City Hall that I would give $1500 for the Wissahickon Pipe Bridge provided I were given all the material composing it, and take it down within a reasonable time. Along came a reply, "Your offer is accepted." The city authorities were fully aware of the menace of the damaged bridge to passers by along the road or creek, since the pipes formed the upper chord of the truss spans. As I see it now I should have charged the City about $10,000 for taking the structure down, instead of paying good money for the privilege, but I was young and green then and this seemed a wonderful adventure by which to obtain a big pile of iron and sell it. A unique feature about iron is that no matter how old it may be or what service it has rendered, it usually has a value as waste material, of nearly half what it cost originally. This is because it can be melted and re-formed into something useful again, which is not so with other commodities. I next hunted up a stone quarryman I heard of, named Andrew J. Furlong of Norristown, sent for him and took him out to see the Pipe Bridge. The project did not daunt him, so I engaged him as a foreman, instructing him to make arrangements such as hiring a two horse team and wagon, get half a dozen strong laborers, picks, shovels, crowbars and a case of dynamite with detonator caps, and meet me at the Bridge 4 AM a certain morning. Accordingly I spent the night before at the Wissahickon Inn, Chestnut Hill, and before daylight, dressed and walked down to Allen's Lane and met the gang.

Andy and I had inspected the Bridge and noticed that each span was a distinct unit of itself, resting upon cast iron plates on the tops of the iron work of the piers, so we decided to try to break these plates which were about 12 feet apart with a simultaneous shot. On our way back to "shore," I was enjoying the scenery at sunrise, but looking down at the creek, standing on a foot-wide plank with no railing or anything else around but atmosphere, I felt panicky and kneeled down, grasping the plank with my hands and called to Andy. He turned back laughing and said, "Stop looking down. Get up and put your hands on my shoulders and keep your eyes on the back of my neck." So we lock-stepped it across to good old earth. We placed six sticks of dynamite on each of the plates and packed them over with wet clay, running the wires out to the small stone base high up on the hill, which we hid behind. I gave the battery a couple of turns, but no result. Furlong grabbed the handle and spun it hard when there was a tremendous BANG! with echoes galore and I was delighted to see the entire end of the span detach itself from the pier and begin to sink. The trees under it were skinned like telegraph poles. It seemed to rain scrap iron for minutes with an awful rending and crashing sound. When all became still finally, we ventured down to the Drive in a haze of smoke

and dust where we found huge eye-bars driven into the roadway two feet deep, the rustic fence was smashed, likewise a lamp post, while a tangle of angle iron and cast iron pipes lay down to the water in a pile 10 feet high and 200 feet long. Putting the men to work, we had the Drive cleared and passable by 6 o'clock, sledging the cast pipes into pieces and cold chiseling the wrought iron bolts. A milkman came along and called out, "When did it fall—I heard it but thought it was a boiler explosion. I never drove under that thing without feeling nervous." I cautioned the men to say nothing to anyone about dynamite. Then a pair of bays dashed round the curve and I recognized Mr. John Lowber Welsh by his Napoleon III moustache and goatee, sitting in his four-wheeler on his usual drive to town alone.

No Unfortunate Aftermath

He pulled up and after staring at the devastation before his eyes, he shouted, "Who's responsible for this infernal outrage? What's going on here?" I stepped up and said, "Good morning! Ah—uh—this part of the old Bridge dropped about 5 o'clock and we are clearing away the debris—you can drive on safely." He said, ' I'm Chairman of the Park Commission, look at those trees, look at that fence, look at that lamp and our fine road, I'm going to see about this! Giddap!" Furlong called me aside and suggested that perhaps I had better close my office in town and seclude myself a few days, leaving the work to him, and if anybody came with a warrant he would say that all he knew was that the Bridge fell, and the mess would be cleared away soon, and he did not know my whereabouts. Sure enough, before noon Park guards came and stared a while and went away. Next day a posse of police arrived, asked questions and left. Nothing further happening, I went out to the Creek after a few days and later we shot down the span directly over the stream and broke that up. Having by now a large amount of sorted cast and wrought iron, I took train to Pencoyd and told the purchasing agent of the Pencoyd Iron Works about it, inviting him to meet me at the scene of operations. I sold him the whole business at good per ton prices, to be delivered by wagons. We used no hoisting engines, or machinery, but cut up by hand the iron with cold chisels and sledges, or broke it to size. There were but few typewriters used in business in those days, no telephones, no oxy-hydrogen cutting apparatus, no motor trucks. In separating the large iron pipe, we found the joints packed with tons of lead worth 4c a pound, which added to the profits.

Enjoined by Law from Further Operations

Despite good luck so far, we were not to have all smooth sailing. I was sitting in my office, 308 Walnut St., one day when a middle-aged, short man walked in and said truculently, "My name is Livezey. One end of that Pipe Bridge rests on my property across the Creek and I warn you and your men from trespassing on my land," giving me the hard eye.

"Tell it to the City of Philadelphia," I said.

"I have 20 suits already against the City," he shouted. "They come out there and dig for sewers on my place, lay their pipes, tear up my ground all the time, and I won't stand for any more nuisance, you'll see!" And out he went. Sure enough, I was served with an injunction, had to stop all work and lay off the men, leaving the eastern span in place.

In a month or so, in came Mr. Livezey again. "What are you going to do about that last part of the Bridge?" "Let it stay there," I said smiling. "You stopped me and I already have made a handsome profit, so the span on your side can stay there till Kingdom Come." "Or," I added, "until a big storm blows it over on your house."

"You're bluffing!" he yelled. I let him fume a while without saying anything, but secretly sympathized with his position. Calm politeness usually disarms an opponent of that kind, and finally he said his two sisters were much worried about that bridge falling, since every day they had to pass under it on the way to their spring, and wouldn't I come out with him and talk to them? I agreed and drove out there next evening, was introduced and invited to eat supper in their quaint old Colonial home. I assured the ladies there would be no damage done if their brother lifted his injunction and allowed me to take the span down. Mr. Livezey went out to do some chores and I told the sisters I wouldn t be held up by him for any preliminary money settlement, but if they all agreed to let me go ahead, I would present each lady with a nice new gown, and here is a little gold to pay for the bolts of cloth. They laughed and said, "We accept with thanks." They were real people and we parted good friends. I shot down the last span without much injury to the landscape and delivered more iron to Pencoyd. Nothing now remains of this 1870 Wissahickon Aqueduct except the stone bases, and the Livezey house still exists in the seclusion of the glen.

George W. Schultz is the author and illustrator of short texts, histories, etc. He is now living in Wayne, Pennsylvania.



Wedgwood from the Collection of Harry M. Buten

Edgar Allan Poe's Visit to Reading March 1844

Condensed from Israfel in Berkshire

By J. Bennett Nolan, Esq.

EDGAR ALLAN POE came to Reading either on Monday, March the 11th, or Tuesday, March the 12th, 1844, to deliver a lecture on American Poets and Poetry. A better comprehension of his visit will be obtained by consideration of the conditions in the village at that period. If, on those March Days, we were permitted to view the town from the neighboring eminence of Mount Penn our eye would have been attracted to the glistening slate roof of the new Reading Academy on North Fourth Street, the cultural center of the village, its greatest pride. There had been a former Academy but it was now abandoned. Its equipment had been removed to the new Academy, which was the meeting place of the various literary societies of the village.

These local societies were numerous and active. There was the Cabinet, whose members dabbled in science, also the William Penn for debates, then the Garrick, a Thespian association as the name implies, and lastly the Mechanics' Institute, made up mostly of young apprentices, which association has attained to immortality because under its auspices Poe lectured in Reading.

The Committee of Invitation was made up of three members of the Institute, none of whom apparently was a person of particular importance. Poe looms so large in popular estimation that we instinctively expect that, before coming to our town, he would have corresponded with some of our important citizens; with Congressman John Ritter, for instance, or Governor-elect Henry A. Muhlenberg or with the illustrious William Strong.[1] That prince of hosts, George M. Keim, who had entertained Charles Dickens in Washington only two weeks before, was then in residence in Reading. It might be supposed that the invitation would emanate from one or the other of these gentlemen.

To be sure, our poet had not yet attained to national stature. The Raven was to appear in 1845, The Bells and Annabel Lea still later. Nevertheless, his fame in Pennsylvania was already established through his Philadelphia publications, The Gold Bug, The Fall of the House of Usher and The Murders in the Rue Morgue.

The committee seems to have first written to Poe on December 29, 1843, and to have addressed the letter to the Philadelphia General Post Office. Our local postal authorities were long dubious about the responsibility of the new railroad and continued for some years to entrust their postal matter to the Philadelphia stage. It was not until 1845, and then after much public clamor, that any considerable amount of postage was handled by the railway. Even so the committee's letter should have arrived at Philadelphia in forty-eight hours in the ordinary course of events. Poets, however, are notoriously careless, and Mr. Poe seems to have been too busy with eking out a starveling existence for himself and his family to have visited the Post Office and inquired for his mail.

Finally, after the Reading missive had lain unclaimed for two months, one day towards the end of February, 1844, Mr. Poe in his wanderings about the streets of Philadelphia, came by the corner of Third and Dock Streets, where the Post Office was then located. The neighborhood was familiar to him, for just opposite was the site of the former office of Burton's Magazine, where he had once been employed. Letters, in those days, were usually paid for at the point of delivery, and this recipient was not always able to pay. Happily, Edgar elected to enter the Post Office and ask for mail. Sure enough, there was a letter for him from the village of Reading on Schuylkill. Perhaps it was prepaid, or perhaps the poet, by happy chance, was able to produce the postage. In any event, it was a lucky turn, for here was an opportunity to earn a much needed lecture fee. Poe, regretting his carelessness, immediately wrote to the Reading Committee:

Philadelphia March 1, '44

Gentlemen,

Through some accident which I am at a loss to understand, your letter dated and postmarked December 29, has only this moment come to hand, having been lying, ever since, in the Phila. P. Office. I hope, therefore, you will exonorate me from the charge of discourtesy in not sooner replying to your flattering request.

I presume that your Lectures are over for the season, but should this not be the case, it will give me great pleasure to deliver a Discourse before your Society, at any period you may appoint, not later than the 9th inst.

With high respect,[2]
Yr. Obdt. Sr.
Edgar A. Poe

Messrs.
Jno. C. Myers
Sam Williams
Wm. Graeff, Jr.

Reading between the lines, there is a touch of pathetic bravado in the clause "not later than the 9th inst." The fact was that the luckless correspondent had no engagement either before or after that date. "I am absolutely without employment," he confessed to Rufus Griswold only a few days later. Shortly before he had written to James Russell Lowell: "I have suffered much domestic and pecuniary trouble. Can you send me $10.00?" And again to

Griswold, "Can you not send me $5.00. I am sick and Virginia is almost gone."

He had recently, in a moment of imprudent petulance, abandoned the editorship of Graham's Magazine. The salary had been only $15.00 a week, but any omission was a serious matter.

Just when Poe conceived the idea of supplementing his meager literary return by giving lectures, we do not know. The lecture which he delivered in Reading had been given by him at least twice before, once in Egyptian Hall, in Baltimore, and once in Wirt Hall, Philadelphia. Apparently, however, there was no great demand for a repetition of the address elsewhere, for Lowell wrote to Poe in discouraging vein on the very day when the latter was writing his letter of acceptance to the Reading Committee.

> "I made an excursion to Boston to learn what I could about your lectures. I find that lectures for the season are now over. I spoke to the secretary of the Boston Lyceum about the probability of your success if you came experimentally, but he shook his head."

Fortunately for Poe the Mechanics' Institute did not consider that the lecture season was closed. Their reply, which has not survived, must have gone down promptly by the railway, the delighted lecturer, taking no chances made instant reply.[3]

Mr. Poe's acceptance had been written on Thursday, March 7th. The following Saturday, March 9th, a very unobtrusive notice appeared at the bottom of the third page of the Berks and Schuylkill Journal, published at Reading.

> MECHANICS' INSTITUTE
>
> A stated meeting of the Mechanics' Institute will be held on Tuesday evening next at 7:00 o'clock, by order of
>
> George Hantsch, Sec.
> March 9, 1844
>
> N.B. lecture by Edgar A. Poe of Philadelphia.[4]

This notice in the Journal is supplemented by one in the Reading Gazette under date of March 9, 1844.

Lecture—Edgar A. Poe, Esq. will deliver a lecture before the Mechanics' Institute, and the public, on Tuesday evening, next at the Academy Hall. Subject—"American Poetry."[5]

Without this bulletin in the Reading Gazette, we might, in a narrative necessarily so semi-speculative, have an additional element of doubt as to the forum in which the lecture was delivered. Happily, the announcement in the Gazette definitely establishes that the lecture was a public one and given in the Academy building on North Fourth Street. The building afterwards served as our first High School, a brick building with Pilastered doorway, pictures of which still survive.

These announcements distinctly fix the evening of the lecture as Tuesday, March 12, but a perplexing interpolation ensues in an item of the Philadelphia Public Ledger, a good friend of Poe's well aware of his needs and anxious to help in any possible way, inserted the following notice:

> Monday the 11th
>
> Edgar A. Poe, Esq. is to deliver a lecture on Friday evening next before the Mechanics' Institute of Reading on American Poetry. The people of that borough will be pleased with the lecture.[6]

To further complicate the exact date, and two weeks after the lecture had been delivered, the Baltimore Sun of March 25, 1844, reports the address as having been given on "Wednesday last", which would have been Wednesday, March 13.[7] Here, then, are three reported dates for the delivery of the lecture. As the notice in the Sun is the only one written subsequent to the talk, it seems probable that Wednesday, March 13, was the actual date.

At that time Poe was living in the house at 234 North Seventh Street (now numbered 530) with his frail wife, Virginia, and his faithful aunt, Mrs. Clemm. He seems to have dwelt in a frame lean-to built up against the front house which has since been altered as a Poe Museum. It was from this dwelling that he set out either Monday, March 11, or Tuesday, March 12, for the journey up the Schuylkill Valley.

From the reminiscences of Poe's neighbor, old Mrs. Garrigues, who lived far into our own time, we get a suggestion of his appearance.

> "Dozens of times have I seen him pass my father's window going down Seventh Street into the city. He wore a Spanish cloak. They, at that time, were much used instead of overcoats. I was always impressed with the grave and thoughtful aspect of his face. He looked much older than I now know him to have been. Tho a little over thirty, he had the appearance of middle age."[8]

From the timetable of the period, we learn that the Reading train left Philadelphia at 9.00 in the morning. As the station was then at Broad and Cherry Streets, a mile and a half from the Poe dwelling, an impoverished poet must depend upon his own legs to carry him to the Depot.

The city of Penn, on this raw March morning one hundred years ago was bedecked in mourning. Only two days before the hearse of state, bearing the remains of Nicholas Biddle of United States Bank fame, had proceeded in funeral pomp out 12th Street and down Arch to Christ Church burial ground. But the mourning which Poe noted was too general to have been occasioned by the passing of any citizen, however esteemed, it commemorated a national calamity. A few weeks before, the entire nation had been shocked by the news of the explosion of a cannon on the gunboat Princeton in Potomac waters. Mr. Upshur, Secretary of State, and Mr. Gilmer, Secretary of the Treasury, were among the victims, and only by the merest chance had President Tyler escaped. Even as Mr. Poe plodded to the Reading station, the ill-fated

Princeton was being towed up the Delaware for repairs at the League Island Navy Yard.

The terminal station of the "P & R," as it was even then beginning to be called, is preserved to us in the drawings of D. J. Kennedy.[9] As has been said it was located at Broad and Cherry Streets but the Reading Railroad really began four miles away on the West bank of the river where Columbia bridge spanned the Schuylkill. The connection was made over the tracks of the Philadelphia and Columbia Railroad, running out Broad Street and across Allegheny Avenue to the foot of the famous "Belmont Plane" whence the trains departed westwardly for Pittsburgh and northwestwardly for Reading.

Two classes of travel presented themselves to the voyager intending for Reading. He might make the trip first-class for two dollars and twenty-five cents and sit on a mohair upholstered seat; or he might journey second-class on a wooden bench for one dollar and ninety cents. Probably, Mr. Poe travelled second-class, unless the generosity of the Reading committee permitted him the comparative comfort of a padded seat.

Poe was no novice in railroad travel but he had never gone up the Schuylkill Valley. He must have looked curiously at the noisy little locomotive, either the Rocket, the Spitfire, the Planet or the Antelope, which was to endeavor to negotiate the fifty-mile haul to Reading. On that murky March morning the diminutive coaches were all in line and sparks from the oak-wood fuel were pouring from the locomotive's funnel.

Mr. Poe climbed to his place either in one of the twelve eight-wheel carriages or in one of the two four-wheel carriages which constituted the entire passenger rolling stock of the "P & R" of the period. The windows in these early cars were placed so high that it was only by craning their necks that the luckless voyagers could get a glimpse of the passing landscape. Each car was garnished with a brakeman who sat on the front platform. When the engineer gave the signal for a stop, the hand brakes must be applied simultaneously on each vehicle.

Out Broad Street, then flanked by noble shade trees, went the train. It turned left at Allegheny Avenue and skirted the constricted Fairmount Park of the period. To the right, some unfinished columns marked the new buildings of Girard College, then under construction. To the left was the Schuylkill, its banks lined by ice houses. The engine chugged across Columbia Bridge and at Belmont Junction attained, for the first time, the tracks of the "P & R" proper.

The diminutive locomotive puffed and wheezed its way up the winding Schuylkill. At Bridgeport, the traveler looked across the stream, over the covered Bridge,[10] to where the steeples of Norristown rose on the eastern bank. Then still keeping to the western side of the river, the train presently traversed the long tunnel above Phoenixville and recrossed the stream.

At Pottstown there was a halt for refreshments. The solicitous railroad accorded its patrons twenty minutes, an interval supposed to be occupied in taking lunch and resting from the wobbly train. The place embodied memories for Edgar Allan. His second cousin, George Poe, had married Anna Maria, daughter of James Potts of Pottstown, and removed with her up country to a village called Stocker Town. Some of the wealthy Potts family were still in residence in Pottstown on that March morning in 1844.

On went the absurd train, stopping at long-forgotten stations, Potts Store, Pauling's and Geiger's, until it skirted the canal dam below Reading and passed the new plant of Keims, Whittaker & Co., the genesis of the Reading Iron Co. Here the locomotive, which had been proceeding at an astonishing average speed of twenty-five miles an hour, slowed down perceptibly, it was coming to unfriendly territory.

The Citizens of Reading, not too certain of the advantages which were to accrue, resented the rather high-handed manner in which the railroad had located its right-of-way through the village.[11] The leisurely progress terminated at Seventh and Chestnut Streets where Mr. Poe descended at the frame two-story structure which served as a terminal. Upon his arrival we are to suppose that Poe was met by the committee of the Mechanics' Institute and taken to his hotel.

Poe's train was scheduled to arrive at 1.00 P.M. What did the committee do for the entertainment of their visitor during the afternoon hours which preceded the lecture? We can guess at Mr. Poe's probable routine. He would be taken down to inspect Rush's carvings on the wooden bridge over the Schuylkill and for an inspection of the new steeple of Trinity Church, and for a tour of the market houses in Penn Square. The old Court House, in the middle of the square, had just been demolished, but the new Court House, with its sandstone Doric columns, designed by the great architect, T. U. Walter, was the pride of all Reading. And if the visitor was too polite to demur, he would inevitably be dragged up the steep incline of Penn Street for a view of the village from the militia parade grounds.

And now we are to assume that the historic evening has arrived and that the beauty and chivalry of our

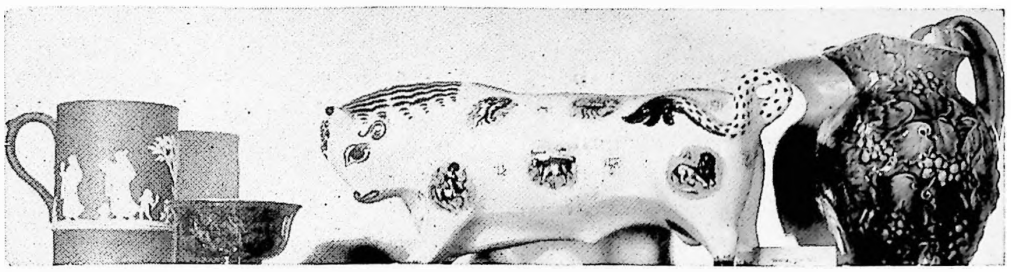
(Continued on page 27)

J. BENNETT NOLAN, *genealogist and historian of note, is a lawyer by profession, living in Reading, Pa. As a direct descendant of Johann Frederich Schmidt, pastor of St. Michael's Lutheran Church both before and after the battle of Germantown, Mr. Nolan has a birthright interest in local history of which he writes with authority.*

ISRAFEL IN BERKSHIRE, *published under the auspices of Pennsylvania Optical Company on the Bicentennial of Reading, Pennsylvania 1748—1948.*

WEDGWOOD FASCINATION

By Harry M. Buten



Harry M. Buten, *merchant, author, lecturer, attorney and philatist makes his home in Merion, Pa., with his talented wife and four children. Wedgwood is only one of his hobbies, their dwelling is a veritable museum of art, so many and varied are the collections housed therein.*

A VISITOR to my collection asked, "Will you let me see a three dimensional piece?" It is a sign of the times that she used that term to describe undercutting, a sculpturing process employed in the moulded jasper decoration of plaques. These Wedgwood pieces are three dimensional in the true sense of the word.

This phase of Wedgwood technique is one reason for the fascination of Wedgwood. There are many more phases and reasons—as we shall discuss—but a brief description of undercutting may be in order. Raised decorations are commonly produced by pressing wet clay into moulds; the moulds should be sharp, but made so that the moulded clay will come out. When the cast is dry enough to work, it is placed carefully on the background, and the entire piece is heated in the kiln. Before the heating, however, a fine artist, who is a sculptor—and it takes a gifted person—may work with his tools to give additional roundness and realism to the selected portions, or to the entire piece. This may be done to the point where arms, legs or other objects may extend clear of the background. This undercutting is painstaking work and as indicated, it should be done artistically.

Wedgwood has sought the help of outstanding artists since Josiah started in business for himself in 1759. Josiah I was a fine designer, some of his earliest designs have been used steadily since that time. John Flaxman is possibly the most highly skilled artist to devote the greater part of his working time to Wedgwood. William Blake* was recommended by Flaxman for designs and sketches. The study of Wedgwood can be a study of art development for two centuries, including the study of famous artists. Obviously, the outstanding art trends, and the general art philosophy, at varying times for 200 years were expressed in Wedgwood forms.

We look with disdain on the atrocious Victorian shapes and colors that Wedgwood produced, now that Victorian art is out of vogue; however, today 200



Etuscan Vase, basalt encaustic decoration

years of art is to be found in Wedgwood. The quantity of ware made in that time is tremendous. Almost uniformly, year after year, the Wedgwood Company produced more fine pottery than any other craftsmen. Whether or not we like the production for a particular period, whether or not we collect all types of Wedgwood, nevertheless, a great quantity of material has been produced in 200 years, and subject to expected diminution, caused by breakage and other losses, great quantities are still available to be discovered, studied, admired and acquired.

It is comparatively easy for a serious devotee to build up an extensive collection of Wedgwood today. In similar fashion, even for an old timer, there is constantly something new to be found. After twenty-three years of collecting, serious collecting, I found in the summer of 1954 some twelve items never before found by me in "the flesh" or indeed in my reading.

* A. Edward Newton, writing in a catalogue for a Blake exhibition at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, 1939 says, "As a painter he stands out in English art without a forerunner, without a rival, and without a successor." He says of Blake's lyrics, "Than which there are none finer. The quantity is small, but the quality is supreme."



Blue and white Jasper "Cavorting Children" Wedgwood and Bentley

Variations in Wedgwood come from other things than purpose; traditionally there are two main classes of ware, useful and ornamental. From the period 1769 to 1780 Josiah Wedgwood was a two-fold partner —with Thomas Bentley, in ornamental ware, and with his cousin Thomas Wedgwood, in useful ware. The line of differentiation is not exact but "useful ware" includes all material involved in food, its preparation and service. Incidentally the mark "Wedgwood & Bentley" is rare enough to excite every Wedgwood collector. But back to variations: they are plentiful, not only in use and artistic motive, but also color, material and shape.

Known best by the blue and white jasper, Wedgwood has given his name to a light grayish blue used by cloth and paint manufacturers and by others. The blue is made by tinting the clay with cobalt oxide, and the color is always purple blue rather than greenish blue; but the variations are many, from the very light to the very dark. The new rare royal blue was developed for a very limited edition of Elizabeth II coronation pieces.

The blue and white embossed Queensware dishes are known in "the family" as lavender and cream color. I never knew why the blue was called lavender until, this summer, I saw a few petals in a scent bowl full of last year's flowers; those few were a good blue, otherwise the fresh and dry lavender flowers were lilac in color.

Besides the visual beauty, Wedgwood stoneware can feel feautiful. These unglazed materials may give a satin smooth tactile experience that is rare. The texture results from proper firing to the point where the clays are reduced almost to glass. In addition there is a technique of polishing which was given the fine old wares. I am not quite sure how that was done, I'll have to study that process further.

There are plenty of sources for study, obviously, the best being the Wedgwood pieces themselves. Books are plentiful, issued at various times since the first catalogues of the Wedgwood-Bentley period. A sign of the current renaissance of Wedgwood interest is the publication of six serious books on the subject in the last six years. In addition there is a continuous, current supply of material.

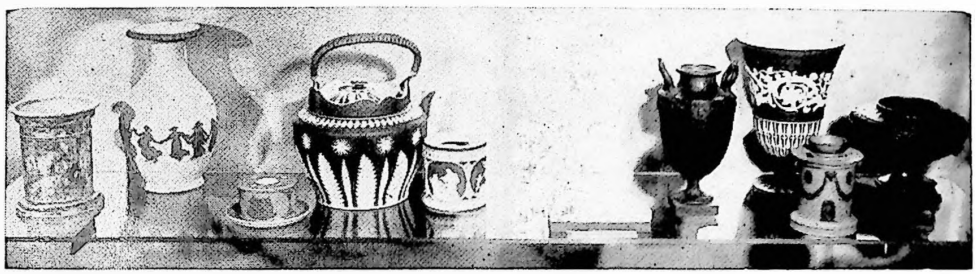
All Wedgwood is produced at Barlaston, England, and 70 per cent, I understand, is sold in the American market. New lines, materials, decorations and shapes are produced regularly and collectors, with vision, can spot the rarities of the future. The production of commemorative pieces is a big portion of Wedgwood manufacture and a corps of fine designers are used to make prize winning material.

The present reputation of the company is high in all circles and it is quite fashionable to be a Wedgwood collector. This fall a London chapter of the Wedgwood Society is forming, following the successful establishment of the Wedgwood Society in Philadelphia and the Wedgwood Club in Boston. A good deal of information is disseminated and enthusiasm aroused by such organizations. There is no limit to the various subjects related to Wedgwood. The more one studies and learns, the more happiness there is for him in the Wedgwood world.

Wedgwood can be used for physical adornment by making beautiful jewelry. Our collection includes pieces made by my wife and her sister, and by other silver and goldsmiths in the United States, Cuba, Mexico, Great Britain and Israel. Types of jewelry

include brooches, clips, necklaces, bracelets, cuff links, hat pins, tie pins and buttons. It has been used as trimmings on shoes, dresses, sweaters and hats.

As it is Wedgwood Company's policy to make Wedgwood items for other people to use in further fabrications, none of the extra processing is done in the Wedgwood factory. But the factory is decidedly worth while visiting. Production methods are speedy and efficient, the plant is full of modern conveniences; nevertheless, there is a great deal of handwork in pottery and decorating. When we visited it in 1951 our family was pleased to help produce a cream color vase and to sign the piece. It is not too beautiful, but it means a great deal to us. By this time you doubtless know that Wedgwood means a great deal to me. I hope that this exposition has shown some of the reasons why you should accept a cordial invitation to Wedgwood Fascination.



The Balano Windows at the Germantown Unitarian Church

By John W. Hathaway*

TWO NOTABLE examples of the stained-glass art have recently been added to Germantown's already rather unique collection. The two windows to which I refer were installed not long ago in the Unitarian Church at Lincoln Drive and Wayne Ave. They are dedicated to the memory of Elsa Koenig Nitzsche, noted painted and lecturer, and were presented by her husband, Dr. George E. Nitzsche, and her two daughters, Mrs. George F. Bush and Mrs. Jack H. James.

It is interesting that these windows were designed and executed by Mrs. Paula Balano, a life-long friend of Mrs. Nitzsche. The two women grew up together near the campus of the University of Pennsylvania where Mrs. Nitzsche's father was Professor of chemistry and mineralogy. Mrs. Balano's father was Professor Himmelsbach, one of the leading musicians of Philadelphia who helped in the founding of our orchestra. Members of both families followed artistic careers, spending many years abroad in study. It seems appropriate, in view of this background, that Mrs. Balano should be chosen to celebrate the memory of her friend in these windows. She has beautifully carried out this commission.

Paula Balano, a resident of Germantown, is perhaps the only woman stained-glass artist in the country, who not only designs her windows but executes them from sketch to installation. After attending Friends Central School, Drexel Institute and the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, she studied in Paris on a travelling scholarship awarded her by the Academy. Later she worked for two years for the late Nicola D'Acenszo, the well known American stained-glass artist, who was also a resident of Germantown. After this experience she struck out for herself. She has designed windows for at least sixty churches and is noted for her excellent craftsmanship and design in this field.

The two windows which now grace the interior of the Unitarian Church consist of 12 panels, 6 in each window. For the sake of proper balance, the Art Committee of the church decided that one should be placed at the North entrance of the church and the other exactly opposite at the South entrance—a happy and satisfying arrangement. These windows differ from the usual conventional examples in that they contain no figures, either human or angelic. They are made up of a number of small pieces of glass in medallion forms and create a jewel-like enrichment of the light. This effect makes an interesting contrast to the other windows in the church which have a silvery tone and represent a later type of glass construction. The backgrounds are predominantly blue with red in the borders and yellow, green and purple notes throughout. The tracery is freely done, giving a less severe and tight appearance to the whole composition. Mrs. Balano undoubtedly used the painter's approach rather than stenciled repetition. The glass is of a very fine grade and was especially imported from England for these windows.

It is good to know that Germantown is now possessed of two such fine examples of the art of stained-glass to add to its already outstanding assortment. As works of art these windows belong in a true sense as much to the community as to the particular church which houses them. We are fortunate indeed that *our* community continues to develop with merit in this direction.

*Of the Beaver College Faculty.

FRANKLIN . . . a busy man



Benjamin Franklin, Wedgwood from the collection of Harry Buten

The ubiquitous Benjamin Franklin touched so many lives, influenced so much of Colonial America in such unexpected ways and places that of course Germantown, directly or indirectly, came within his orb and a little research yields several interesting facts.

We know that at the time of the Paxton boys visit Franklin was one of those who met them in Germantown and went with their chosen leader to the city and we may be sure his voice was heard in wise and balanced judgment.

Again, when President Washington was living in the Morris House, during the days of the yellow fever in Philadelphia, and prominent members of his cabinet were lodged nearby, one feels sure that Franklin, perhaps more than once, braved the rigors of the Great Road to confer or to visit with his good friend Thomas Jefferson.

But aside from pleasant supposition there are facts. In the memoirs of Charles J. Wister, compiled by Charles J. Jr. is a reference to the old house "between the 3rd and 4th streets from the Delaware near Market street." This house belonged then to John Wister the elder who built Grumblethorpe as a summer home.

It was in this house that Franklin made his first attempt to "snatch the lightning from Heaven" and guide it to earth. Here he erected his first lightning rod—"an hexagonal iron rod connecting it with a bell which gave the alarm whenever the atmosphere was surcharged with electric fluid."

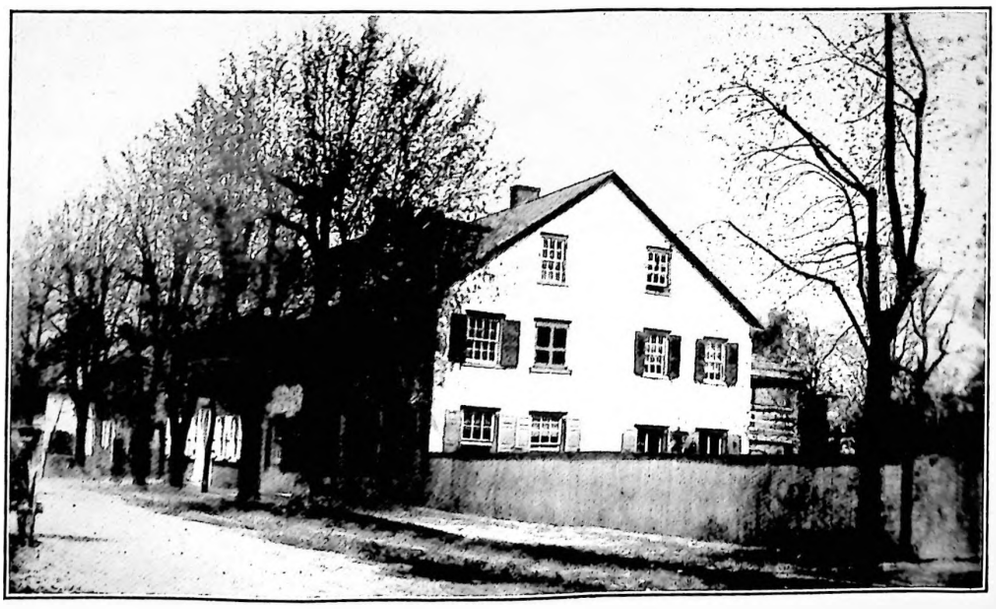
The ringing of this bell so annoyed Mrs. Wister that, at her request, it was removed and was for a long time kept at Grumblethorpe.

From Mr. Hacker's book on the Sauer Press several interesting facts may be gleaned concerning Mr. Franklin's business ventures.

With characteristic shrewdness he realized how wise it would be to cater to the rapidly increasing German population in Pennsylvania and in 1732 he issued a German newspaper, the first newspaper in that language in America. The subject matter was a translation of his English paper. Only a few issues appeared as he was not able to find competent German printers. In 1748 he also produced a German Almanac which was not continued—so popular was the Sauer Almanac.

Sauer received some financial backing from Conrad Weiser, a prominent German, who in 1736 pledged his credit with Benjamin Franklin to supply Sauer with paper for his publications as Franklin, at that time, controlled all the available paper stock. Andrew Bradford and Benjamin Franklin were named as agents for the Sauer Bible.

What a busy Franklin he surely was! There is a legend in lighter vein which relates that with great care Franklin brought a rare Angora cat back with him from France. The cat, however, died shortly after their arrival and Charles Peale, who lived at Belfield, himself a gentleman who seldom lost an opportunity, tried to obtain the body to be stuffed for his museum—but he was too late!



CHRISTOPHER SOWER HOUSE

Mrs. Head's School

An Appreciation



Elizabeth Lane Head

SOPHIA WEYGANDT HARRIS—MRS. JOHN MCARTHUR HARRIS—*a sister of Cornelius Weygandt, has written before for the* CRIER *and we hope that she may again as her wealth of knowledge and memory of Germantown's history and personalities is a source of pleasure and profit. Mrs. Harris' father and grandfather were members of the Historical Society or its forerunners, her son is at present a member of the board.*

FOR THE LAST two decades we have heard much about progressive schools but, looking back over my own education, I think the school I attended in my childhood and up to my college years, was the first and best of progressive schools.

When I was about nine years old, after two different dames schools, and tutoring at home in French and music, my parents sent me to a school just being started on Greene Street near Harvey Street, by Mrs. Elizabeth Lane Head.

A short account of her heritage explains in some measure her personality. On her father's side, one of her forebears, of Scottish birth, was for forty-five years secretary of the Hudson Bay Company—after the East India Company, the largest in the British Empire. Her maternal grandmother, Dorathea Carlin, belonged to a French family and never spoke English. She married Evan Bowles, who for long years was deputy surveyor of the public lands of Louisiana. Her father and mother, at the time of Mrs. Head's birth, were living in Franklin, on the beautiful Bayou Teche, in Louisiana. Her father was also an astronomer and "probably the most learned man in our county." Thus Mrs. Head combined the best of the north and south in her character.

Because of the lack of good schools, her father took his daughter north to his English mother—the widow of an English barrister—who had a successful girls, boarding school at Topsham, Maine. Later, after his wife's death, he brought his other three daughters north. After his second marriage to a Connecticut girl, they all went back to the Bayou Teche. Here in 1855 she met Dr. William Head, a Boston dentist, who was visiting his uncle, a wealthy planter in the neighborhood. Dr. Head's sympathies, during the Civil War, were with the north, and her father's were with the south, a great heartbreak to Mrs. Head. Dr. Head's life was in constant danger. He fled to the swamps and eventually the country. I recall he once told me he was immune to mosquitoes, because he was so bitten when in hiding in the swamps.

Finally he succeeded in bringing his family north to his father's home in Mt. Holly, New Jersey, in 1864; thence they moved to Philadelphia and then to Germantown, where Dr. Head practised dentistry and his wife opened the school.

From the beginning the school was different—always interesting. We would bring our lunches to school and if any child forgot hers, Mrs. Head had plenty for all. After lunch, in the spring, we went to the woods, botanizing. We learned the first green leaves were those of the skunk cabbage, then the anemones, bloodroot, etc., and even the rare arbutus. On rainy days Dr. Head read out loud to us, the "Pickwick Papers," "Tale of Two Cities" and later Scott's novels. I remember our walking club, with its "rendezvous" among the rocks in the Wissahickon, where the statue of Penn, erected by the Hon. John Welsh, our then minister to Great Britain, now stands.

The first year the school consisted of four girls, their little brothers and several other girls. At the end of that year Mrs. Head decided to have only girls and we lost our boys.

Early in our school history Mrs. Head's sister from the south, Mrs. Van Pelt, came to teach us French. She was an excellent teacher. Everyone in the school had French. One winter it was made the language of the school. I had a French arithmetic and a French geography. Only in English class and at recess could we speak our native tongue.

Another of Mrs. Head's outstanding traits was her ability to select good teachers. The school grew fast and in 1879 moved to East Price Street, then a pleasant residential street. Gradually the teaching staff enlarged. Calisthenics, at an early date, became part of the curriculum, because Mrs. Head believed bodies as well as brains should be healthy and trained.

Mrs. Earle taught us English until "Miss Louisa," Mrs. Head's daughter, graduated from Cornell University and came home to teach us.

Four girls, Margaret Leslie, Florence Kelly, M. C. Thomas and Louisa Head were, if I remember cor-

rectly, the first girls to be admitted, in full course, to a men's college and were graduated. Miss Leslie became a noted artist and taught us drawing, etc. Miss Kelly started the Consumer's League and we all became her devoted followers. Miss Thomas became president of Bryn Mawr College. "Miss Louisa" taught us English until she married Archer Randolph. These four women were the inspiration that led four of us to take the Harvard examinations in 1884 and 1885; the first Philadelphia girls to do so and we all passed and mostly with credit, a feather for Mrs. Head's school.

For our college examinations much credit was due to Miss Florence Baldwin—later the founder of the Baldwin School of Bryn Mawr, who was our teacher in mathematics and Latin. Latin was made very interesting and became popular. We gave a Latin play. I think I still have my striped toga.

Among our other teachers were Dr. Henry Carvel Lewis, who taught us Geology and took us on weekly excursions to the marl pits of New Jersey and the rocks of French Creek, etc. Dr. Heilprin, also from the Academy of Natural Sciences, was one of our popular teachers, and Mr. Goodfellow, later head of the department of Physics at the University of Pennsylvania, taught us physics and took us over to his laboratory that we might use more advanced apparatus than the school had.

After Mrs. Van Pelt went to live in Paris, Dr. Sauveur taught us French and we had not only colloquial French, but colloquial Latin. The Latin was of great help to me for when Dr. Shorey, of Bryn Mawr College, started his Friday evening Latin lectures, I could understand him easily and others were handicapped by sight and not ear training in Latin.

Mrs. Head believed in very little discipline and punishments were rare. I recall a punishment Harriet and I had. We had been giggling ceaselessly and finally Mrs. Head said, "Will you two girls go to the back room and giggle until you are weary?" In a few seconds we were as sober as judges.

I went for one year to another school and the difference I shall never forget.

We all worked hard because Mrs. Head expected us to and we couldn't disappoint her. From her I developed my theory of education. Never hand it out on a platter. Education should demand hard work, but should be made so interesting that it is *fun*.

Writing, singing, elocution, all were part of the curriculum.

Mrs. Head believed in rewards. Almost always they were books. I still cherish mine. But at Christmas time and others, no one was passed by and every pupil received a book. This led to a love of books and I am sure, to this day, every student of Mrs. Head's school has a library, be it large or small.

I have talked with girls who followed me at Mrs. Head's school, and from them have gathered their unanimous opinion that it never changed its unique character.

New teachers were of the same high standing—Mlle. Bonâme in French—Mr. Balderston in mathematics, and many others in both the upper and lower schools—now moved to West Chelten Avenue; but all under Mrs. Head's far-seeing leadership.

Her girls must have a world vision, and to this end well known visitors and speakers were brought to the school, such outstanding women as Pundita Ramabai, the first high class Hindu lady to visit the United States of America. She also came to Bryn Mawr in my day, and I recall she went to the kitchen to prepare her own food, because of class restrictions.

One of Mrs. Head's fine traits was her love for the down-trodden and those less fortunate in life. She taught us we must be *helpers*—this was part of our education, not only book learning. She was a member of the Country Week Association, and many a time we girls accompanied her on the train taking children from the slums to the country, taking charge of the children until they were safely in camp.

Also, since I was asked to write this story, I have consulted with many of "Mrs. Head's girls" and am summarizing their criticisms that you may see that my opinion was shared by all of them.

First, each child was treated as an individual to be understood and to be trained to its best.

Another, "I remember the marvel of her teaching and also that I learned to abhor evil and love the right."

Again, the atmosphere of the school was always sunny and normal and her generosity in time, money and everything was phenomenal.

Another, I recall we had no rules, yet the standard was high and the order excellent; that Mrs. Head's influence was not confined to school hours and school years. We were always "her girls."

Another, in history she was always asking unexpected questions. One day she began holding history class by saying, "1066 A.D. what does it mean to history and to you?"

Many Saturdays we were back at school for extra-curricular help. Perhaps we faced only a college exam, or had lost classes by illness. Mrs. Head or Dr. Head were there ready to offer their help, of course no charge, no thought of return. I remember the treats of ice cream from Trower's, ordered in for us on such occasions. I shall never forget such help.

Again, Mrs. Head instilled her pupils with a love of humanity and taught us to so live that the world would be better because of our living in it.

Another, Mrs. Head inspired us with a love of study and provided the ablest teachers. My love was for mathematics and Mr. Balderston was a wonder.

Again, the marvel of her own teaching. You couldn't forget it. "I remember the good times, the games, prisoners' base and the drilling with wooden guns, etc." In confirmation of Mrs. Head's ability to choose good teachers. "After leaving Mrs. Head's to go to another school, I was 'upped' two classes in

French because of my excellent training under Mlle. Bonâme. Also the Latin I had there was of great help in my study of Romance languages that became one of my hobbies later on."

"The happy days we had together in school held us together in later years, friends after fifty years."

It was a privilege to have such a teacher as Mrs. Head. She had a happy method of allowing you to develop your own ideas under her guidance, with the result that her girls had a real and not a sham culture, were well-rounded and fitted for life.

To me the school was Mrs. Head herself. Her influence was everywhere. She directed our reading by giving us good books and discussing them with us.

Her love for the underprivileged led us to include in our school activities contributions to various associations. To a "Shoe fund" for poor children, we each contributed a few cents a week—also to the Country Week Society. We had fairs for various objects, one was for Pundita Ramabai for the widows spared from death by Suttee. Indians and negroes had our interest and we contributed a scholarship at Hampton Roads—later to Tuskegee and Booker T. Washington. Scholarship was never neglected. She prepared and sent two students to Bryn Mawr first class. For many years no class entered the college without a student from Mrs. Head's.

I look back and realize how much one woman did. She gave herself and awoke in others a love for the better things of life.

"Hers the hand that ever pointed upward and onward, her voice that bade us 'look up and not down, forward not backward, out and not in.' Love of high thinking and unselfish living gave to her life its beauty."

To quote my brother: "She was a teacher of compelling charm and personality. She was an enthusiastic worker for all things progressive in the women's world and was a source of intellectual inspiration in those activities. Her pioneer work in the cause of higher education will long be remembered by Philadelphians."

Miss Baldwin, writing after her death said. "Her rich, magnetic personality fascinated and inspired me—a far away look in her eyes, but bright laughter too. She did not allow herself to be guided by what the world would say; it was the essential right she sought.

"A high standard for themselves, an all embracing charity for others, this was her gift to her pupils."

By Sophie Weyganat Harris

Attacked by a Deer on Main Street

Following is A.L.S. (autograph letter signed) of WILLIAM WHITE CHEW, of "Cliveden." Born April 12, 1803, son of Benjamin Chew Jr. He died in Germantown, Nov. 13, 1856, and buried at St. Lukes in Germantown. The Gilpin, to whom the letter is addressed, was Henry Dilwood Gilpin, 1801–1860. Was U. S. Attorney General. Founder Gilpin Gallery, 6th President of Penna. Academy of Fine Arts.

Germantown, January 13, 1836.

My dear Gilpin,

Will you favour me with a line to inform me whether our friend Barton has passed through to Washington? I enclose you a note for him which you would oblige me by directing to him, wherever he is; or retain it to deliver it to him, if you are expecting him to be in the city before it could reach him at his present locality.

I would not ask this favour of you, were I able to go to town. But I am laid up, *hors de combat*, having yesterday come off much worsted from the severest struggle I ever had. Walking down the road early in the morning, before our villagers were about, I encountered in the middle of the turnpike, between high banks of snow, a pugnacious buck, who had escaped from his close in the neighborhood, and was by him attacked in the most ferocious manner. He seemed determined to embowel me. He had one broken and sharp horn between 2 & 3 inches long, having been deprived of the other. I saved my body from his butts by holding fast to the horn; but he extricated it from my gripe, and inflicted a severe wound in the palm of my left hand. I fortunately had gloves on, else the injury would have been much more serious, than it at present seems. I finally escaped from him by flinging him with my right hand away from me, and springing to the pavement whither he did not pursue me, but stood his ground, "alone in his glory," in the middle of the road; having given me a *striking* proof that the maxim "medius tutissimus" is not always true. Be kind eno' to mention this adventure to Barton when you see him, as my excuse for not being in town on the look-out for him.

With faithful regards & esteem,
I am, dear Gilpin,
truly yours,
W. W. Chew

(This letter has been copied line for line as it is in the original.) From the Chew Letters in my autograph collection.

Geo. Clarence Johnson

Memories of Colonial Living

*History of the "Old Place" Written About 1852**

By Joseph Comly

IN THE FALL of 1772 my father, hearing that Thomas Knight would sell "The Old Place," went one evening to see about it . . . after some discussion father offered 800 pounds for it. Thomas sat silent for a bit and then said, "Thou offers like a chap, I believe thee must have it." The whole treaty was made in those few words. The conditions were soon arranged but what they were I never learned. Possession was to be given next spring. Father moved into the Place in the spring of 1773, and their children were born there.

Father was prosperous on the farm till the Revolutionary war came on. Between the rapacity of the Collectors of Militia fines, the foraging parties of Continental soldiers and the lawless marauders even if he raised a good crop he often got but a small part of it himself, and for what was taken from him, little or much, he never got any compensation. In politics he was a Tory and on account suffered much more severely than those who were Whigs.

One night a number of soldiers came through the neighborhood taking all the horses and cattle they could find, and the men too, but later, nearly all were returned. At another time the Continentals came in the night and took father's cattle and the fatted hogs. In driving them out of the gate one hog got behind the gate in the dark and came back. It was all they had to kill for the next year's meat. Father then built a pen in the woods and fattened the hogs there till the war was over. In the fall of 1777, after thrashing his wheat, he took it to Ephraim's mill, had it ground into flour, packed in barrels and buried in a large heap of buckwheat straw that was in the field about 200 yards south of the house. The English were in Philadelphia at that time and all avenues to the city were so closely watched by the Continentals that they had difficulty obtaining provisions from the country except by the river. They came in boats to the mills near the river and, when they were run out, came afoot to Ephraim's and when they bought him out he sent them to father, and there was soon a brisk trade opened. The retail shop was in the old kitchen and the barrels of meal were brought from the straw heap in the night. Both men and women came to get flour and had to carry it to the river. They most commonly took a quarter but some men took a half hundred and one fellow shouldered up three quarters to carry to where he had left the boat. They paid in hard money, chiefly English Guineas, and when the traffic was done father had about 100 pounds. He put the money in a box and buried it under the hearth stones in the old kitchen.

They did not use the old kitchen in winter and early in the spring, in cleaning it out for summer use, the women found a Guinea in the fire place ashes. Upon investigation father found that the rats had been making some improvements and finding the money in the way had carried out a part of it. But they had not spent any of it as it was all found after a diligent search.

In 1781 the wheat was thrashed, cleaned and put in the fore room upstairs about 100 bushels of it. One day a well dressed man came to the house and asked mother if they had any wheat to sell and, she not suspecting any evil design, said they had, supposing him to be a miller. She took him upstairs to see it and he said it was very nice wheat but did not offer to buy any. The next day there came three or four waggons to take the wheat away. They drove the waggons under the eves of the house and the dormant window, and poured the wheat out the window to run down the roof and into the waggon, until they got it all removed, and then went about their business without offering either money or thanks.

There was a good deal of smuggling done with the English in the town, in way of going to market, but father took no part in it. He had no partiality for the Continentals but let his dislikes go no farther than opinion.

The British went away in 1778 and going to market was safe from the soldiers, but there were often robbers that infested the roads. Folks had not much to take to market, and what they did take they did not get much for. The money used in trade was mostly paper not worth much. There was some of the old Provincial money and a little hard money (they called it Specie then) and when in market they had two prices set on things: one in hard, and one in paper money. The credit of the paper money had got to such a low ebb that it passed 100 for 1.

As father had not had the small-pox he was afraid to go to town so that mother had most of the going to market to do. They always went in the latter part of the night and, as wagon covers were not in

* From "Comly Family in America" compiled by George Norwood Comly.

use, sometimes got dripping wet before they got home. The main dependence for making money was the wheat crop which sold from five to six shillings a bushel.

In the winter of 1779–80 there was abundance of snow. John went to school but being little to wade through snow, Lishe carried him on his back to and from school. . . .

In the spring of 1779 Isaac was born. That is the earliest occurrence that I can remember, being then three years and three months old. In 1783 the clock was bought of James Thornton for eight pounds, without case. In the winter of 1784–5 father got some walnut boards and employed John Comly, brother of Jacob, to make a case for the clock. It took him a whole month.

In the Fall of 1785 the new kitchen was built at the west end of the house, two stories high, 14 by 18 feet.

Early in the Fall of 1786 Uncle Joseph Walton caught the small-pox in town and, as none of our family had had it but mother, it was concluded that she must go there to help nurse him, and that John and myself were to be inoculated and have it there, so we went. We had the small-pox light and after being well purified returned home, and father and the rest of the family were inoculated. They had it light all but himself, and he had it so severe he was confined to his room for six weeks. In the meantime winter set in very cold, and Davis being gone there was nobody to attend to anything out of doors but John and myself, he 13 years old and I, 11. The corn tops were not hauled, the turnips were not pulled nor wood gotten in when fell a deep snow. The neighbors helped some and we got along as well as we could expect.

In the Spring of 1788 Ephraim made a vendue to sell off his goods and chattles as he was going to town to live. Father bought a lathe for 5s.6d. or about 76½ cents. It was brought home and set up in the old kitchen, some tools got, and we went to turning. John was the principle hand at it and in time became very expert at the business. In those times wooden buttons were much used for clothes and he made a great many for family use, but I do not remember of his making any to sell. He had a pretty good mechanical genius but his operations in that line produced very little money. In the Winter of 1792–3 Isaac and I practiced turning (John being gone to Latin school). We made little broom handles for Benny Atkinson but only got three fipenny bits a day for them, making about a dozen a day. The Spring house over the big spring tother side of the meadow was built this Summer.

In the Spring of 1789 the log part of the house called the Room was pulled down and, being made six feet shorter, was built up two stories high, and covered with cedar shingles.

Father and mother were both industrious and saving, and got along together in a great deal of harmony. They were careful in the education of their children, to keep them out of bad company and to prevent their reading pernicious books, or using profane language. When the boys got big enough they were kept pretty closely at work and were kept steadily going to meeting on First days, and in the use of plain language. We were strictly prohibited from going to the dam on First day afternoons, but not at other times, we were not allowed to go any place where there were water-melons to sell; were not allowed to whistle, sing, or play on a fife, but as to jews-harps, whistles made of willow, or other musical instruments we could make ourselves, there was no restrictions. . . . Among all these times we had abundance of juvenile enjoyment, pastime and diversion.

Our mother was a good housekeeper, was very industrious, everything properly attended to and nothing wasted and, although there was a large family to take care of and provide for, she sometimes assisted at hog time and harvest in field and meadow. She always had the main chore in pulling flax. She sometimes hired some help about spinning but no other work, except once in a great while she would get a tailoress to make a gown or pair of stays. She made all the other clothing, including her best bonnet made of silk, and all the clothing for the rest of the family except the coats and leather breeches for men and boys. There was a great deal of mending for her to do and there was hardly anything that came within the range of her line of business that she could not do. She conducted all her affairs in a mild peaceable way, and was very rarely heard to speak crossly to any body.

The clothes of the children were nearly all homespun, cloth and linsey for Winter and Flax and tow for Summer. Our First-day outfit in Summer was a round crowned wool hat, a fine shirt, a stock to put around the neck, a coat, sometimes of boughten stuff, being made for the oldest and descending from one to the other as the bigger ones out grew it, a calico underjacket, a pair of checked trowsers and neat leather shoes but no stockings. The better outfit for Winter did not differ much from our everyday suit except some of the articles might be newer.

In Summer we frequently went to meeting, barefoot, but whether we did or not, when we came home we must take off our best suit and put on our every day clothes. Our shirts were made of flax linen and our trousers for Summer of striped tow linen. In Winter we had leather breeches made of dressed sheepskin and every one, big or little, a leather apron of the same material.

Our living was much of a piece with our clothes, being substancial and wholesome but not costly. We had meat or fish everyday and milk prepared in various ways, also bread mush and buckwheat cakes. When milk was scarce we sometimes had cider or small beer sweetened. For a change we sometimes

had tea made of sage leaves or the blossoms of the sassfras, but neither boughten tea or coffee unless there was company. This tea or coffee was put in a small brass kettle, sweetened with molasses or honey and creamed with milk. It was set on a little low table with the rest of the breakfast and each had a small black cup or tin and dipped up and drank what he wanted. We had not the liberty to eat as much butter as we should have liked: there was a certain quantity given us at a time and that had to do. At times some would cut rather too deep, resulting in quarrels. To remedy this evil it was agreed that as I was the biggest at that time I should divide the butter equally amongst us all and the divisions I made were so satisfactory to the rest that they were willing to allow me the biggest share.

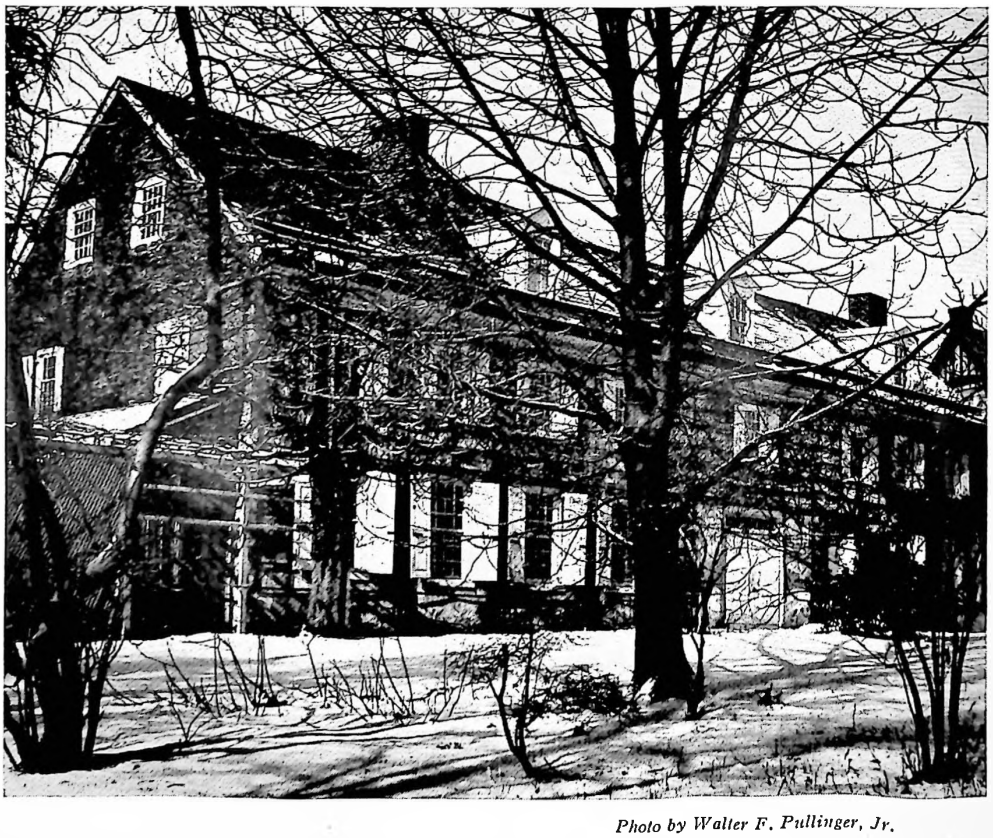
There were certain kinds of food that we were not allowed to eat together as bread, butter and cheese: pie and milk-biscuit and butter; pie and meat. At dinner we always had drink on the table, cider or small beer. It was contained in a black earthen mug or pitcher, frequently without a handle. We all drank out of the same vessel.

Of stone quarries, there was one back of the orchard, first opened by Foster (owner of the place before Knight) to build the new smoke house, where stone was dug for John's house. (The orchard lay between the "little Field" and the back meadow and back lane that went to the watering place.) Three different quarries were worked: by the turn of the lane below the barn is a large hole where the stone for the barn and the kitchen came from; a little further down there was a 100 perch dug for John's barn; on the side of the hill where the old garden had been, stone was dug for Ezra's buildings; in the side of the hill fronting the east end of the house, some stone was dug for my house: a few years ago John Bowman blowed the rocks to pieces in the hill north side of the little woods and got stone for Dr. Isaac's house. . . .

Father found plenty of rum to drink in haytime and harvest. Soon after harvest there was a quart bottle filled with Rue and Tansey from the garden and then as much rum as it would hold. It set in the front window where it stood day and night. Every morning as soon as we were up we were required, big and little, to take a dram out of the bottle, the object being to keep off Fall fevers, agues, etc. This process went on till corn husking time when the bottle was removed. We were put to work as soon as we were good for anything. John was put to work plowing at eleven and we were put to mowing and cradling at 14 and 15.

WYCK
Germantown Ave. and Walnut Lane

It was built between 1690 and 1700 and is the oldest house in Germantown. Lafayette entertained here in 1825



Courtesy of Boy Scout Calendar—1952
Pennsylvania School for the Deaf

Photo by Walter F. Pullinger, Jr.

Turnpike Project Meets Opposition

EXTRACTS FROM THE UNITED STATES GAZETTE, 1798

"The following observations are respectfully submitted to the members of the State Legislature as some of the reasons why the inhabitants of this place think their request for a turnpike road through Germantown ought to be granted.

"Because at particular seasons of the year the present road is so extremely bad as to be totally impassable with any kind of Carriages and even on Horseback, attended with such dangers as to put the lives of the riders in the greatest jeopardy.

"Because all the attempts to repair them have proved totally ineffectual, although heavy taxes have been paid to support them.

"Because the distance they ask it for, being only 12 miles; will in their opinion ensure the success of the undertaking, and the constant use made of this road render the toll moderate.

"Because one half of the whole distance is thickly inhabited, and forms almost one continued village for above five miles; the relief will of course extend to a greater number of inhabitants than can be accommodated within the same distance on any other road leading from the city.

"Because the terms they desire it on are such as induce them to believe it will in the course of a few years after it is completed become a free road besides providing a fund for keeping it in repair forever without the burthen of taxes.

"In addition to these reasons many others of considerable importance might be added, which for brevity sake are here omitted, but one of no small consequence to the city and advantage to the country, which I cannot forbear urging.—The cleanliness of the city since the awful visitations of '93 and '97 has been with great propriety urged. The removal of so large a quantity of manure and other vegetable matter as is collected in so great a city at the season of the year when it best suits the Farmer to take and the Citizens to part with it, certainly contributes to this desirable end—for want of a good road the Farmer is frequently prevented from removing it during the winter —the spring ensues and he is compe led to his great loss, to till his ground without it, while it lays fermenting to the great injury of the citizens.

"AN INHABITANT OF GERMANTOWN"

— United States Gazette, Jan. 4, 1798

* * *

"The extreme badness of our roads will plead my excuse for not attending to our appointment. Never a day has passed for a fortnight without one or more accidents of carriages stalled, upsetting, breaking down or laming horses, &c, &c. We have perhaps as good stages as any on the continent, and what is of more consequence, sober, careful drivers; and yet neither of them have escaped accidents—why the legislature withholds from us a law that would give us a Turnpike (at a time when the legislature of a sister state are making exertions for this purpose that does them credit) is for them to determine, suffice it to observe, that if the law at present before the house for extending it to Reading should pass upon the same plan as when confined to the 12 mile stone, in which the very principles of turnpikes were attempted to be destroyed, and were very much mutilated, we shall have the law without ever having the road made. It is believed the extension is a mere finesse to defeat the business; I think this is warranted from the conduct of the member from F—— in the commencement of it, when he observed that he considered them an evil, consequently voted against it when confined to the 12 mile stone; nevertheless he wished to extend this evil by voting to go to Reading, no doubt with a view of defeating it—he has a peculiar aptness at applying principles, he will therefore excuse the inhabitants of this place in thinking it a very dirty one, that would keep them always riding in the mud."

— United States Gazette, March 8, 1798

"I am sorry to hear that the Germantown Turnpike bill has passed a second reading in the senate of this state without a single amendment; if this is the case and the bill should in its present shape become a law, it will never be carried into effect, for its provisions are such that no man in his senses, will become a subscriber. * * It is to be hoped that the senate will amend the exceptionable parts of this bill when it is read the third time; and if that should not be done, there can be no doubt but it ought to receive the governor's negative; for then we might stand a good chance of obtaining a better law at the next session of the assembly; but if it should pass into a law it is very doubtful whether the legislature would make any alterations in it in less than two years even if there was not a single subscriber.

"A CITIZEN."

— United States Gazette, March 24, 1798

Extract of a letter from Germantown, March 5th, 1798.

THIS MONTH'S COVER . . .

shows a rare Wedgwood plaque of the early Wedgwood & Bentley period. The design was made by John Flaxman and depicts a cupid seated on a lion, illustrating the Power of Love. The plaque is one of Mr. Buten's collection and was photographed by Joseph F. Morsello who also photographed the September cover showing costumes from the Society's collection.

CONTINENTAL MILLS, Inc.

Creators of Fine Woolen Fabrics

ARMAT and LENA STREETS
GERMANTOWN

Commercial Residential Industrial

Stuempfig & Co.

Realtors

45 MAPLEWOOD AVENUE
GErmantown 8-5225—8-7566
Germantown, Philadelphia 44, Penna.

New Acquisitions

Some gifts to the Germantown Historical Library were:

Ahnentafel, or Table of Ancestors of the Runbincam Family of Green Meadows, Maryland by MILTON RUBINCAM. Gift of the author.

Comly Family in America, by GEORGE NORWOOD COMLY, pub. 1939, supplement to *Comly Family in America* by G. N. COMLY.

Gifts of the estate of Harrold E. Gillingham through his daughter Mrs. Lansing Holden, July.

History of Germantown Academy—1760–1877 by REV. WILLIAM TRAVIS, with newspaper clippings.

The Pennsylvania Manual—1947–8.

Gillingham Family—Descendants of Yeamans Gillingham 1901.

Our Pennsylvania by AMY OAKLEY illustrated by Thornton Oakley.

I Dream of a Day letters from CALEB MILNE.

Colonial Society of Pennsylvania Handbook 1931–1950.

Photostat of Philadelphia Lottery Accounts, Printed by Benjamin Franklin, 1752.

Rufus Jones, Master Quaker by DAVID HINSHAW.

Reflections of an old Schoolmaster by WILLIAM (PAP) KERSHAW.

Footprints of Assurance by ALVIN E. BULAN, 1953. Insurance Company. Firemarks and Symbols.

Pennsylvania Colonial Records—Vol. 1 to V.

Index to Colonial Records and First Series of Pennsylvania Archives.

* * *

Important acquisitions to library in March were:

Diary with Livezey records, Stadelman records. Diary kept in Germantown Almshouse and miscellaneous entries, gift of W. A. McIntyre.

The Houstons of Philadelphia by FRANK B. ROBERTS JR. Gift of Liberty Real Estate Bank and Trust Co.

Obituary

The Historical Society learns with regret of the passing of a life member. MRS. FINDLEY ACKER died recently in her ninety-fifth year. Though for many years Mrs. Acker had lived in quiet seclusion there are many who remember her alert interest and definite judgments in the formative years of the Society's life.

* * *

The Society has learned with regret of the death of two of its members.

CLIVE M. REID, a loyal member of many years' standing, who seldom missed a meeting, died on October 5th.

* * *

GEORGE H. L. DOLAN, a veteran of World War II, who had exhibited keen interest in all the activities of the Society since becoming a member, died in September after a very short illness.

Our sincere sympathy goes to their families.



IMPORTANT NOTICE

Like all live and growing things the CRIER has to be fed but—unlike most things today—it has to be fed without a budget. And then the CRIER is also somewhat of a gourmet—it is discriminating as to its fare.

Too, the CRIER has friends, an increasing number, also discriminating. So, as you can see it is faced with problems—will you, as one of the friends of the CRIER, make some constructive suggestions as to interesting subject matter and interesting people who can and would enjoy writing for the magazine. There is a wealth of potential material and many people with knowledge or memories who would enjoy sharing them and so help to feed that hungry magazine.

Please write to the Editor of THE CRIER, Germantown Historical Society, 5214 Germantown Avenue, Philadelphia, 44.

The Editorial board will most carefully and gratefully consider all communications.

VIctor 4–9996 *Closed Tuesdays*

The
Boswell House

LUNCHEONS DINNERS
SUNDAY DINNERS

Air Conditioned

5920 GREENE STREET, PHILADELPHIA 44, PA.

VI 4–5251

J. & R. SMITH, Inc.

PLUMBING—HEATING

•••

5201 GERMANTOWN AVENUE

YOU PAY FOR NO LOST TIME

GE 8–6060 *TE 9–0717*

HARRIS GRAMM
INC.

Concrete and Cement Work
Private and Industrial Roads
Landscaping
Steps, Floors, Sidewalks, Curbs
Swimming Pools

176 E. TULPEHOCKEN STREET PHILADELPHIA 44, PA.

"When You Pave—Pave Well"

Manufacturers of Surgical Appliances

ELASTIC HOSE
TRUSSES
SUPPORTS

for every part of the body

JAMES R. KENDRICK CO., Inc.
6139 GERMANTOWN AVENUE
GE 8-1122

1853 • Over 100 Years of Service • 1953

COMPREHENSIVE INDEX

FOR SIXTH VOLUME OF THE GERMANTOWNE CRIER

	Vol.	No.
A		
American in Paris, 19th. Century—*Virginia Wireman Cute*	6	3
Attacked by Deer on Main St.—*W. W. Chew*	6	4
Award of Merit	6	1
B		
Balano Windows at the Germantown Unitarian Church, The—*John W. Hathaway*	6	4
Billmeyer House, The—*Horace Haverstick*	6	1
C		
Centenary—Germantown Savings Fund Society—*P. M. Allen*	6	2
Christmas Legends	6	4
Conestoga Wagon, The—*Albert Thomas Von Trott*	6	1
Colonial Lady's Diary, A—*Elizabeth Drinker*	6	3
Colonial Living, Memories of, written 1852—*Joseph Comly*	6	4
Cresheim Valley, Notes on	6	1
D		
Diary, Colonial Lady's—*Elizabeth Drinker*	6	3
Diary, Tour to Longbranch, New Jersey, 1798—*Sarah Wheeler*	6	2
E		
Edgar Allen Poe's Visit to Reading—*J. Bennett Nolan*	6	4
Excerpts from Joshua Evans Journal	6	1
F		
Fairmount and the Wissahickon Eighty Years Ago—Edited by *William Cullen Bryant*	6	1
First United States Cabinet in Germantown—*Abel J. Evans*	6	3
Franklin . . . A Busy Man	6	4
G		
Germantown Fire—Past and Present—*Arthur O. Rosenlund*	6	1
Germantown and Perkiomen Turnpike	6	1
Germantown Relief Society—*Elizabeth M. Mellor*	6	1
Germantown Savings Fund Society—Centenary	6	2
H		
Hazardous Business; An Episode of the Pipe Bridge over the Wissahickon—*George W. Schultz*	6	4
Mrs. Head's School, an Appreciation—*Sophie Weygandt Harris*	6	4
Historical Society Honored	6	1
Historic House at the Falls—*John T. Ferris*	6	1
Historic Tour of Old Germantown, Annual	6	2
I		
Index, Comprehensive—Vol. I–V	6	3
Index, Comprehensive—Vol. VI	6	4
J		
John Fanning Watson	6	1
L		
Legends, Christmas	6	4
Legend of Thirteen Families, The	6	2
M		
Moravian School of Germantown, Early—*Mabel Haller*	6	2
Musical Fund Society of Philadelphia—*George E. Nitzsche*	6	2
N		
Newcomer in Germantown—*Jane Campbell*	6	1
O		
Obituaries—Owen Lewis	6	2
Harrold Gillingham	6	2
Bevan A. Pennypacker	6	3
Alfred G. Scattergood	6	3
Elisha H. Waterman	6	3
Mrs. Findley Acker	6	4
George L. Do'an	6	4
Clive M. Reid	6	4
P		
Park Houses	6	1
Paxtang Raid, Strange History of the—*Edmund A. Crenshaw*	6	2
Philadelphia's First Bus	6	1
Pilgrimage to Dutchland, On—*Cornelius Weygandt*	6	3
Pipe Bridge over the Wissahickon, an Episode of, Hazardous Business—*George W. Schultz*	6	4
Poe's Visit to Reading, Edgar Allan	6	4
Poulson, Zachariah (printer)—*M. Atherton Leach*	6	3
T		
Thirteen Families, The Legend of the	6	2
Tour to Longbranch, New Jersey, A—*Sarah Wheeler*	6	2
U		
United States Cabinet in Germantown, The First	6	3
W		
Wakefield Bride Comes to Germantown, A—*Frances A. Wister*	6	2
Washington Family History, A bit of	6	3
Washington's Four Doors to Happiness—*Frances M. Wetherill*	6	1
Wedgwood Fascination—*Harry M. Buten*	6	4
Wild Life on the Wissahickon—*Cornelius Weygandt*	6	1
Z		
Zachariah Poulson—*M. Atherton Leach*	6	3

Edgar Allan Poe's Visit to Reading, March 1844

(*Continued from page 12*)

good town are all assembled at the Academy auditorium on Fourth Street to drink deep of the Pierian spring.

What would we not give for an eyewitness account of that evening in the old Academy Hall. The shabby, pallid poet, prematurely old, with the fires of a deathless inspiration glowing in his dark eyes, the critical group of village dignitaries and the proud committee of apprentices and mechanics, aware that they had arranged a successful meeting, but all oblivious that they were sponsoring an Olympian. What an irreparable omission that no diary survives to describe this apogee in the cultural history of our country!

As to the text of Mr. Poe's lecture, we can only approximate from the all too meager reports of his lecture given in Philadelphia on the same topic. We are told that he quoted extensively from Nathaniel Parker Willis and from a forgotten author named Pendleton Cooke. It is particularly unfortunate that the Reading lecture came only a few days after the State Conventions of both parties had terminated in the nomination of Mr. Muhlenberg on the Democratic ticket and the close victory of General Joseph Markle over Judge Banks for the Whig candidacy. Our excited local editors, always embroiled in politics, filled their columns with political statistics and prognostications, no place could be found to record the visit. Only the editor of the Baltimore Sun, a personal friend of the lecturer, found space to record the incident in his issue of March 21, 1844.[12]

> Edgar A. Poe, Esquire
>
> This distinguished writer delivered his much extolled lecture "Poets and Poetry of America" at Reading, Pa. Wednesday last. He was greeted by a large audience and they testified their appreciation by repeated bursts of applause.

Mr. Poe, pocketing the lecture fee which meant so much to him, went back to his pathetic household in Spring Garden. He has left us no hint as to his reactions to his journey, nor any opinion he may have formed as to Reading and its citizens. However, when we learn that a few days later he broke up his establishment in Philadelphia and moved to New York, we realize the true importance of the episode.

It was probably the fee earned in Reading that enabled him to make a settlement with his landlord and pay the cost of transportation, a veritable turning point in his checkered career.[13] Had he stayed in Philadelphia, his prospects of a literary career would have been seriously jeopardized. Indeed, before his journey up the Schuylkill Valley, he had considered giving up writing and taking a job as a lithographer so that his family might live. By so narrow a margin did posterity gain The Raven and The Bells, and the poet a niche in Valhalla.

No. 1. William Strong, who so ably acted as Council for the "P. & R." in Reading during the harassing year of 1842, received in compensation a note for $1000 without interest, payable in one year. Railroad Archives at Reading Terminal, Philadelphia.

No. 2. Transcript of letter. Original sold at American Art Association Galleries, N. Y., March 18, 1924. Item 569. Facsimile in catalogue. Owner, Wm. Koester, Baltimore, Maryland. Recorded in Mervin-Clayton Sale, November 20, 1905.

No. 3. Transcript in University of Virginia Collection. Original sold by Madigan Autograph Galleries, New York. Recorded by Philips about 1924, I, 858, from this source.

No. 4. File of Berks and Schuylkill Journal, Historical Society of Berks County.

No. 5. File of Philadelphia Public Ledger, Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

No. 6. File of Berks and Schuylkill Journal, Historical Society of Berks County.

No. 7. File of Philadelphia Public Ledger, Historical Society of Pennsylvania.

No. 8. M. E. Philips, "Edgar Allan Poe, The Man." Phila., 1926.

No. 9. Kennedy's voluminous collection of drawings, now in the archives of the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, furnish the best pictorial record of Philadelphia at the period.

No. 10. Poe included a covered bridge in his story "Never Bet the Devil Your Head" (1841).

No. 11. Report in Reading Gazette.

No. 12. File of Baltimore Sun. Archives of Library of Congress.

No. 13. This, at least, is the view taken by one of Poe's most responsible biographers.

Victor 8-2530

"HOME IS OUR ONLY COMPETITOR"

The Coulter House

5311 Germantown Avenue

LUNCHEONS, DINNERS, SUNDAY DINNERS

Dairy Maid

CANDIES

ICE CREAM

LUNCHEONS *DINNERS*

Germantown and Maplewood Aves.

Interior Est. 1870 Exterior

GEO. YOUNG & SON

PAINTERS

4665 Germantown Avenue

GL 5–1002

HONOR ROLL

Yes, there *is* an Honor Roll among Real Estate Brokers

In Germantown it's

EARLE N. BARBER
REALTOR
6000 Germantown Avenue
Philadelphia
GErmantown 8-8600

LEEDOM AND WISSLER

Since 1895

PRESCRIPTIONS

Chelten and Pulaski Avenues
GErmantown 8–1340

FREE MOTOR DELIVERY

ALBERT KIEFER

INTERIOR **PAINTING** EXTERIOR

539 CARPENTER LANE

TE 9-6463

ADVERTISERS INDEX

Allen's ..... 2nd Cover
Barber, Earle N. 28
Boswell House 25
Commonwealth Title Co. of Philadelphia 2
Continental Mills, Inc. 24
Coulter House 27
Courtney Electric Co., F. K. 4
Davis Buick 1
Dairy Maid 27
Diamond Rug Cleaners 4
Duval's 4
Fulleborn's, Inc. ..... 3rd Cover
Gassner, Thomas S., Co., Inc. ..... 3rd Cover
Germantown Fire Insurance Co. 1
Germantown Fireproof Storage Co. 1
Germantown Roofing and Insulation Co., Inc. 4
Germantown Saving Fund ..... 4th Cover
Harris Gramm, Inc. 25
Ivy Hill Cemetery ..... 3rd Cover
James R. Kendrick Co., Inc. 25
Kiefer, Albert 28
Kirk & Nice 4
Koelle-Greenwood Co. ..... 3rd Cover
Robert Lee Pontiac, Inc. 2
Leedom and Wissler 28
Liberty Real Estate Bank & Trust Co. ..... 2nd Cover
Maurer, Eugene, Inc. 4
Northern Liberties Federal Savings & Loan Co. 2
Pennsylvania Company ..... 2nd Cover
Robertson & Sons, Inc., George ..... 3rd Cover
Rowell, C. A. 2
Schuck Electric Co. 4
Smith, J. & R., Inc. 25
Spangler Pharmacy ..... 3rd Cover
Staton's Galleries 4
Stuempfig & Co., W. 24
Westbrook Publishing Co. 1
Wister-Heberton Co. ..... 3rd Cover
Yarnall-Waring Co. ..... 3rd Cover
Young & Son, George 28

FULLEBORN'S, INC.

PASTRIES

Since 1908

8607 Germantown Ave.
Chestnut Hill
CH 7-3743

156 W. Chelten Ave.
Germantown
GE 8-9596

THOMAS S. GASSNER CO., INC.

Sheet Metal Fabrication

WAYNE AVENUE & APSLEY STREET
PHILADELPHIA 44

The Ivy Hill Cemetery

EASTON ROAD, MT. AIRY
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

Distinctive Service Since 1867

Telephone: CHestnut Hill 7-0295

YARNALL-WARING COMPANY
102 E. Mermaid Lane — Chestnut Hill

Manufacturers of

YARWAY

STEAM PLANT EQUIPMENT

Serving Steam Plants for Over 40 Years

KOELLE-GREENWOOD CO.

Authorized Dealers Established 1916

SALES — SERVICE

161 WEST CHELTEN AVENUE
Telephone: GErmantown 8-1025 — Philadelphia 44, Pa.

WISTER-HEBERTON CO.

LUMBER

Paint—Millwork—Hardware

Since 1884

Rittenhouse and PRR
Germantown

Telephone:
GE 8-6371

Open Daily 8 A.M. to 5 P.M.—Saturdays 'til 3

SPANGLER PHARMACY

PRESCRIPTIONS & SUNDRIES

6102 Germantown Avenue

GErmantown 8-0483 — Philadelphia, Pa.

GEORGE ROBERTSON & SONS, INC.

FLORISTS

For Over 25 Years in Chestnut Hill

8501 GERMANTOWN AVENUE

WH 8-1849 — CH 7-9600

Mr. Francis Shunk Brown 3rd.
6809 Cresheim Rd.
Phila. 19, Pa.

Section 34.66, P. L. & R.



The Road Ahead

The first hundred years, the first hundred million in deposits—these are but incentives to be even more useful to increasing numbers. The acorn has become a sturdy oak but its greatest growth and usefulness lie ahead. In the years to come we hope to provide ever widening areas of protection and well-being to fulfil the unselfish ideals of the founders.

2 1/4 %

interest

4 Convenient Suburban Offices:

MAIN OFFICE 5458 Germantown Ave. at School Lane
EAST GERMANTOWN—1244 East Chelten Ave. at Wister St.
NORTHEAST—2604 Cottman Ave. at the Boulevard
RISING SUN—5951 Rising Sun Ave. at Comly St.

And soon another! CHESTNUT HILL—8601 Germantown Ave. at Evergreen

INSURED IN THE FEDERAL DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION